

My Bratty Cousin Grows... and Grows... and Grows...

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My Bratty Cousin Grows... and Grows... and Grows...

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Summary

Richard works on an experimental growth treatment, while babysitting his cousin for the summer, because being a phd student pays very little. And his cousin, Emily, tempts him into repeatedly using an experimental growth treatment on her, causing the young girl to grow proportionately, as if through a magnifying glass. Naturally, this has massive consequences for all of humanity.

Feel free to leave suggestions/comments for future chapters.

Chapter 1

Emily, my younger cousin. Light blonde hair. And blue eyes. She had slightly tanned skin, the result of her being an outdoorsy girl, liking to play in the mud. Emily had a skinny figure, with the very beginning of her curves starting to develop, puberty sending its first signals through her body. Despite this, she was short for her age. Standing at a small four feet six inches for her age (twelve), she constantly complained about her height.

And that's what she was doing today.

"John!" Emily whined, "I know what your doctor... thing is about! You told my parents! Your working on a growth potion! Something to make people taller!"

"Bigger." I corrected. "It just makes people bigger, through a magnifying glass. I have to work on it more to make people taller. It still doesn't do anything close to what I'm aiming for." My response just led to Emily rolling her eyes.

"Taller. Bigger. Whatever. It's something you've been working on for seven years. And you still don't have a degree. Cause you're afraid to test it." She pulled on my jacket. The air was cool outside, despite it being summer, the product of upstate New York.

Did I mention that I was trying to earn my phd at Cornell? Yeah. Very prestigious. That didn't change the fact that I was from here, and I was desperate enough to be earning extra money babysitting my rich, bratty cousin.

"I am testing it on animals..." I replied. "Because it could hurt them. I am in charge of watching over you while you're out of school. While your parents are gone. I'm not going to test it on you, and possibly hurt you." Emily made a pouting face, her arms by her side, as she stared up at me. It almost looked like tears were welling up in her eyes.

"Everything's so boring!" Emily complained. "My parents took me up to their summer home, away from my friends, just so you could watch me! I don't even know anyone here!!! And I'll go to school next year, starting middle school, and I'm still gonna be short! They'll be looking right over my heads!!" Emily whined. A rich girl, from a rich family, used to getting everything she wants. But "everything" doesn't include cutting edge medical treatments.

"Emily... I'm SURE you're going to grow." I replied.

"But you're short! And your last girlfriend left you for it! I mean you're really short!"

"Five foot four isn't 'really short!'" I retorted.

"Of course it is for a guy!!! And you're my cousin! You're family! And my parents are short too! My mom isn't even five feet tall!!!! We're all short!! I don't WANNA be short!!" Emily was now practically screaming, in a characteristic temper tantrum. As usual, I figured I just had to wait this out. It was only day four of Emily's summer vacation, and I had already gotten used to this.

“Look. I’m just not gonna do it. Ok? You need to listen to me while I’m babysitting you for the summer. And I have to go to the lab. So you’re going to sit tight here, and not pout all day with no one to pout to. That’s all.” Emily stared back at me, red and teary eyed, as I prepared to head out the door.

But I was stopped in my tracks as Emily spoke again, quietly, a venomous tone in her voice, one I didn’t even know she was capable of.

“You really think I’ll just let this go? That you can tell me about something so amazing, and I’ll pass it up? This summer is borrrrrring. I don’t KNOW anyone here. So I’m gonna pass the time, feeling me grow. And if you don’t, I’ll tell my parents, the law, everyone, that you did horrible things to me. That it was a mistake for an older boy to watch me for a whole summer. And then your life... is over.” I watched her whole tirade in stunned silence. I swallowed, not even sure how to respond.

“Do you think they’ll believe you?” Emily continued. “Why would a young girl like me... just make it up?”

“Because that’s what you’re telling me you’re going to do right now!!!” I shouted back. I couldn’t believe what Emily was saying. This bratty girl, used to getting her way all the time... knew about this. Her parents absolutely believed her, on everything. Even as they dumped her on me while they went to Europe! I felt absolutely trapped... just four days, and everything had already gone to shit.

“You know I’ll do it.” She replied, sensing victory. Emily’s delicate lips were curved in a smirk, cruelty behind her face. “So get me the treatment. Like I said, I don’t know anyone here. It’ll be our little secret for the summer.”

“If I get you this treatment...” I sighed, “I will STILL be in trouble. It will just be the same thing. So tell me... what’s even the difference here.”

“The truth.” Emily was still smirking. “I PROMISE I’ll tell people the truth. It may get you in some trouble, but not as much. It’s the best way out of this, Dicky-boy.” It irked me for her to call me by my nickname.

“Call me Richard.” But Emily shook her head.

“No, Dicky boy. I’ll call you what I want. Because I have you wrapped around my little pudgy finger. Her smirk grew a little wider. “I know how weird you are. I know I’ve seen you looking at me in an... odd way. People haven’t thought about it. But when I tell them, it’ll make sense.” I was growing red with anger, thinking about this girl. How she was threatening me. Why DID her parents put me in this situation!? I should have taken a different job for extra cash here!? Fuck this stupid project!! My seven-year phd. I used to be ahead of everyone else in school, accelerated. And now I was 26! Over twice her age, in charge of this demanding rich brat!

“I won’t ask you to elaborate...” I sighed. “But we’re discontinuing this treatment if it hurts you in any way. I’ll bring some after work.” Wearing a stupid pink sundress, Emily’s shoulders were exposed. She had a wide, white skirt, and she mock-curtisied in front of me.

“Hmm. Well I’ll expect it this evening. Or else.” Emily smiled, triumphantly. I looked at the blonde girl, her eyes shining with eagerness. Was this the best choice? Was I wrong about everyone believing her?

All I knew was that it felt like I was walking into a trap.

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Emily liked playing with bugs. And not in a kind way. Sometimes she would just stick her foot out, making ants follow a different path. And sometimes Emily shined magnifying glasses on them, letting the sun’s rays fry them.

One afternoon, I even saw her eating bugs. Just picking them up, and hovering them, pinched between her pudgy fingers, until she dropped them in her mouth. It looked like she swished the ladybugs around, slowly, feeling them with her tongue, somehow enjoying the feeling, until, finally, she swallowed them, with a satisfied smirk. There was something perverted about the whole process.

And I did watch her the entire time.

And I caught Emily turning around, staring back at me, smiling.

So there was a part of me that dared to think, somewhere, in a corner of my mind, that Emily wasn’t just thinking about being a little taller. And, as scared as I was of that thought, any scary thoughts were overwhelmed by my own perversions. Did Emily know why I was even working on this treatment. My fetish for giant women?

Women, of course, was the operative word. Even if I had caught myself looking at Emily eating bugs in the past, nothing changed the fact that puberty was merely beginning for her. Unfortunately for me, she was just a girl. And, surely I was normal enough that she wouldn’t arouse feelings for me. I hadn’t noticed any yet.

So, overall, my mood was pretty dark as I assembled the nanomachine treatment together. I suppose I was lucky to be employed – most people weren’t nowadays, or at least, many weren’t.

Everything was done by machines just about – the official thirty percent unemployment rate was a lie as far as I could tell – most of my high school classmates were either criminals, starving, or bums. Over half of colleges had been closed down – although Cornell was still open.

Everything from math to the arts was largely automated – you just put in words and watched it go. Even my job largely consisted of putting commands to machines, to produce a treatment seen as impossible merely ten years ago, although my knowledge of machines and genetics were necessary at the edges.

Even with this AI, with my own knowledge, I doubted I had a safe, working treatment here. As I handled the vial, I swallowed. Machines hummed around me. Like they were waiting. Waiting for me to give Emily this treatment and it all just start to fuck up. I felt like I was

going to kill this girl, and then my life was certainly going to be over. But it wasn't much of one anyway. I was short. I was single. I couldn't finish my degree. I'm not sure how much this little blonde brat could take from me anyway.

I was trusted enough over my own lab, but there were automatic cameras at the entrance to prevent me from taking anything. I simply had a sophisticated anti-AI blanket over the closed vial – no human would look at this thing. No person would check to see that I deceived them. No one wanted to pay for human security anymore.

And I was always a good student in school – but I don't know what that had ever gotten me. So I broke the rules in half – walking out with an experimental treatment.

And a few hours later, I looked at the girl I was supposed to have been babysitting.

“Now, this isn't going to be minor...” I said. “Over the next two weeks, if it works, this vial should increase your height by quite a bit. You'll go from unusually short to unusually tall.” Emily beamed, her body practically shaking in anticipation as she stood in front of me.

“Give me the vial already, Dicky.” The young blonde frowned. “I'm popular back at home. But people still make fun of me for being short. That's gonna change. You know what'll happen if you don't change it.” Emily giggled, making a slit motion across my neck, leaning in towards me, her body lightly pressing against mine. “Even if you don't admit it, I know what type of pervert you are.” Her body leaned into mine more, as Emily opened her mouth. Saliva dripped in the mouth of the little girl.

“Pour it in.” Emily commanded. Gingerly, I unscrewed the cap of my treatment. Seven years of research. So I could fulfill this brat's fantasies. I poured it into her mouth, silverish liquid swallowed greedily by the young girl. Until there was nothing left. What I gave her might even make her grow a foot. As unmanageable as Emily was now, I didn't want to think about the future. Emily waited until every last drop had been poured, and she greedily licked, making sure she drank every single drop. I watched her pink tongue struggle with a single drop that fell against her lips. And, moments later, Emily stepped back, her young body no longer pressed against mine.

“Well...” she sighed. “That's that. I'm expecting big things from this treatment. The young girl bounced, blonde hair flying about, as she flopped onto the couch.

“Well, hopefully you don't die. That's more than I'm expecting already.” But Emily patted the cushion next to mine, smiling broadly.

“Come on, sit here with me, Dicky.” Emily smiled. “You're smarter than that. You've always been a brainiac. I wouldn't have made you do this if I thought it could KILL me. C'mon.” I sat down next to her, as Emily flipped through stations. For a little while, we just watched some shitty TV, the hyperactive girl turning towards some new cartoon on Nickelodeon. I became bored very quickly, sinking deep into the couch cushions, even as Emily continued to comment on the show. I tuned her out rather quickly, thinking about the numerous ways that this could go wrong.

Soon enough, Emily begun to tire out, her eyelids closing as it grew late. Until I was interrupted, by a long, slow, protracted groan. It was like Emily's stomach was bubbling, consuming itself, growling angrily. I had never heard such a noise from a stomach before. Emily grasped her abdomen, wincing and blushing.

"I'm hungry..." the young blonde girl demanded. "Get me something to eat." I rushed into the kitchen, having no time to cook, and grabbed a full bag of tortilla chips, bringing them to the girl. She greedily tore through the bag, crumbs flying. I watched with morbid fascination as her mouth swallowed handfuls of chips in mere moments. Soon the bag was gone entirely, having been torn to shreds, all the chips gone.

Emily burped, the scent of chips in her breath. Several thousand calories, consumed, instantaneously.

"Still hungry..." She muttered, licking at the crumbs. Gingerly, I grabbed more food from the kitchen. This was just the beginning.

Emily's Growth Begins

Emily's Height – 4'6 – 4'11

Emily's Weight - 70 pounds - 91 pounds

And Emily begun to grow.

“You know I’m going through a growth spurt! Your thing worked, Richard! Aren’t you glad!!! Your research paid off!!! But you KNOW I’m hungry, and it’s inconsiderate to not even feed a little girl!” Emily’s demands grew bolder, along with her size. Somehow, it emboldened her that MY device worked, and Emily begun to feel an artificial growth spurt.

And, sure enough, it’s main effect was soon obvious. Emily was, in a sense, no taller than before. No more mature than before. She was simply bigger. The effect was slight, but it was like she had been put through a magnifying glass, as the top of her head approached my chin, in merely one week!

And I followed her demands, finding myself cooking more than usual, delivering heaping servings of spaghetti, salad, meat, fruit, everything, to satisfy the black hole that her stomach had become overnight.

“It’s been a couple of years since I saw ya, big cousin.” Emily smiled. “I bet you didn’t think you’d be watching over me like this!” her face was a little messy, the result of Emily’s nonstop eating. Scattered plates, licked clean, were stacked in front of her. I had slaved away at over an hour for her, and now, again, I found myself staring at Emily’s mouth.

“All of my clothes have grown tight overnight...” Emily burped, having finally finished her dinner. “But I don’t want you to get new ones. I’m not done growing yet. There wouldn’t be a point... this thing you made is great. Absolutely amazing. I don’t think a girl’s ever grown like this before!” Her eyes were shining, as Emily held my hand. Beneath her mischievousness, there was an air of genuine gratitude- she really had been looking forward to this. And, thus far, all her expectations had been exceeded.

I couldn’t help but look at her clothes as she walked past me. Emily had been dumped at her parents’ vacation home, left with no summer camp, no summer activities. So she spent her days lounging around the house and eating. I was her first cousin, but it was a strange arrangement to leave her with me, I suppose.

Every day – I went to work on my project, acting like I didn’t know yet if it worked. Every night, I went home to Emily. And I watched her. I had been given free reign to do what I wanted, but I begun to find myself skipping out on my friends. Somehow, I knew a part of me enjoyed watching my experiment succeed.

And, every night, having eaten a massive dinner, Emily would snuggle up next to me.

Her thin, pale shoulders leaned into mine, her body softly resting against me. I could hear Emily's quiet breathing.

"I work out quite a bit. I'm on the cheerleading team, the track team, and tennis..." Emily sighed. "I know I have a nice, skinny body."

"You're a twelve-year old girl," I replied, pushing Emily off me a little. She giggled, mocking me with her every movement.

"Oh come on... you enjoy the moment." Emily sighed, yawning.

"I'd like to be really tall. Like, really, really big. You know? At school, everyone is hooked up to their phones. Connected to smart systems. And most people aren't happy. Even young people. You know that?"

"Uh-huh." I responded, trying to shift Emily off of me, but she went right back, resting her body against mine.

"Sooooooo... I think that me being big, could be a bit of a shake up. There's no one famous anymore. No more famous actors... those can all be faked. The writing, the dialogue, the appearance, the movements... all generated! And people don't bother to walk either." Emily turned the TV off, holding the remote in her left hand.

"This has to change. You know? For all this tech, we're all so miserable!" I couldn't believe the words coming from her. Emily was a lot smarter than I thought possible. I didn't know what to say in response.

"And it feels like soon... with the nuclear glitch... whoopsie... a few million people... we'll be gone soon." Emily yawned. "So it would be nice for me... to be the next big thing. A girl for once. Not a machine. Emily yawned... beginning to fall asleep next to me. I felt the steady warmth of Emily against me. She felt nice, her soft, smooth skin pressing against mine.

"I'm gonna be the next big thing... for you too..." her finger swirled over my chest, in a way that a girl her age should not have been acting. It made me distinctly uncomfortable, but I did not have it in me to push Emily off. It was already beginning to feel like Emily was in control of me, rather than the other way around. After all, she had already threatened me!

Emily... the next big thing?

But the growth treatment was supposed to only last a couple of weeks. She would have to settle for that.

And

Emily's Height – 4'11 – 5'6

Emily's Weight – 90 pounds - 125 pounds

And, as I kept cooking for Emily, and buying food, she inched up, day after day, after day. Until, a mere two weeks after beginning her treatment, Emily was looking down on me. It was a Sunday where I first noticed this. Free from the distractions of work, Emily was walking around in one of her mother's bathrobes. I suppose that none of her clothes fit anymore.

I dutifully cooked several full pots of pasta, making sure to feed the growing girl. But we didn't say a word to each other. It was clear to me that the treatment was NOT acting like I thought it would. Inevitably I was going to get into trouble. Serious trouble. So I avoided looking at Emily, to avoid looking at the young, blonde, cheerful source of my creeping dread. And Emily played along, not saying a word to me. She ate her massive pile of food, but she barely acknowledged my presence.

Until I sat down on the couch, vegging out watching the TV, thinking of the inevitable yelling, the scolding, the punishment, potential imprisonment.

A heavy thud came from the couch next to me. Emily's blonde eyes were staring down at me, even if but an inch. Her pudgy cheeks came in towards mine and rubbed against me. The firmness of Emily's body pressed against me much more than before, a soft, commanding force trying its best to knock me over.

"I know you're a weirdo, Dicky. And I knew what you were working on..." Emily nearly purred, shoving her body more roughly against mine. Gingerly, her hand begun to part her bathrobe. "I knew what you think about me... and what you're working on. And I'm a weird girl myself. So I knew... I could control you." Emily giggled again, parting her bathrobe.

"You're a little guy, aren't you..." I turned, looking towards Emily. She wasn't wearing anything under that robe. Nothing at all. They were barely there... just at the cusp of development. Maybe an A cup. But she had breasts. I could see it, her little mound of her left breast capped off with a small, pink, areola, with an even brighter pink nipple. It was hard. And I could feel myself growing hard, an erection straining against my pants.

"You little... Emily... I... am a little uncomfortable right now..." I tried to move away, but Emily grabbed me. I think that I was still stronger than her, but it was hard to fight this insistent, demanding girl.

Emily inadvertently burped, her stomach... and nanobots, doing everything to digest thousands of calories. Even her burping was kind of cute. And then she giggled. The way Emily giggled.

“Please... I told my parents I wanted you to look after me. You like me, don’t you? Like... way too much. Just let yourself go... I can make you happier... than you’ve ever been.” She spoke quietly, her lips moving seductively towards my ear. “I want to experiment... before I get too big. Don’t you want that?”

Was I normal? Was I attracted to nymphets? Someone as young as Emily? Even the thought horrified me.

“If I keep growing like this, I won’t be going to school next year. I’ll be bigger than anyone. Anyone on Earth. It was supposed to stop already, wasn’t it? Well... it’s speeding up. You can tell. You’re the one who designed this thing... without even thinking. Because that’s what people do nowadays. They let machines think for them...” This automated world had become increasingly cold.

“How pathetic am I...” I muttered, Emily’s larger body pushing me over, landing on top of me, causing me to sink into the couch. The warmth of the young girl surrounded me. “I haven’t dated in years... a virgin, at my age.” Emily giggled.

“You’re handsome, Dicky. Just short... really short.” Emily giggled again, her body surrounding mine. “And this treatment... makes my whole body really flushed. Hot. Eager. You know? You’ll remember this summer... for the rest of your life... but I can feel it... the treatment... expiring... I need you to bring me another.”

“EMILY!” I shouted sternly. “You are ALREADY taller than average for your age! And you’re acting really inappropriate! I am NOT going to get you another treatment!” I pushed her off, attempting to exert some sort of control. And Emily sat up on her haunches, glowering at me.

“Nothing’s changed.” Emily spat. “In fact, my growth, no clothes fitting me – it’s even more believable. You HAVE to give me more of the treatment... or I’m going to tell my parents you did UNSPEAKABLE things to me. I can call them RIGHT NOW!!” Spittle flew into my face, as Emily turned red, going into a temper tantrum.

“NO!!!” I yelled back. “YOU ARE THE KID. I AM THE ADULT!!! I CAN EXPLAIN MYSELF!!! I WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED BY YOU!!!” My erection had subsided at this point. Think god. It was probably a fear reaction to this big brat.

And Emily snapped me. God, her oversized, childish palm had more force than I would have thought. I reeled back, preparing to yell, before she slapped me again.

“EMILY!” Slapped yet again. My cheeks were red, and I glowered at the blonde girl.

“Your parents have given you EVERYTHING you ever wanted.”

“Not this. Not being big.”

“Ok. Everything else.”

“That’s not enough.”

“You’re nothing but a spoiled rich brat.”

“And you’re a pathetic loser virgin who stares at a young girl. I COULD get along with you. I could ease you off. After all, I started to like your face years back. I actually think you’re cute. I must be crazy. A popular girl like me... but school’s so stupid. So BORING. They don’t even teach nowadays... they know there’s not even a POINT!” Emily hollered at me, staring into my eyes, a crazy look shining through her pale blue eyes. Blonde hair tumbled down on me. “So I will start something new. Something exciting. Something real. Tech will actually do something REAL for once. And you’re going to help me. You don’t have another choice.”

Emily sat up, breathing heavily, letting her voice calm down.

“I’m getting hungry less. But this isn’t enough. You’re going to bring me ANOTHER treatment. Tomorrow. I’m in control here. I’ve always gotten what I want... someone like you can’t get in the way.” At that moment, Emily’s cell-phone rang. She reached back into her robe, fishing it out of a hidden pocket. Curiously, the phone wasn’t Emily’s pink smartphone. It was a flip-phone, just like mine. Designed to evade constant surveillance of the type that had become omnipresent.

“Mom! Hi! What’s up!!!” She said in a fake, cheerful voice, as she swung her legs over into my lap. I felt their firmness resting on me. And the funny feeling crept back into my crotch, brought on by this oversized girl. The ball of her heel pressed into my crotch, doing its best work to stimulate me. Almost involuntarily, I felt myself stiffening.

Emily giggled. “Oh, he’s been perfectly nice to me! We’ve played lots and lots of games! No, he’s been a perfect gentleman! You don’t have to worry about me at all!” Emily kept going, in a chipper tone.

"EMILY..." I hissed under my breath, but she just shot a naughty look back at me, covering up the phone's speaker, and whispered.

"There's no point to struggling, Richard. Soon I'll be bigger than you. Stronger than you. And people will ALWAYS believe me over you... I can destroy you. Or I can give you bliss beyond compare... I KNOW what type of pervert you are... very well. I have seen you looking at me. Your live is in your hands. Not mine." And she removed the hand, Emily's tone changing completely as she continued to talk to her mom.

“You don’t have to worry while you’re in Europe. I’ll be sure to let you know if he’s done ANYTHING at all wrong,” Emily continued, placating her mom.

And Emily's heel kept teasing my erection. What the FUCK was happening to my life?

No Going Back

Emily's Height ' 5'6 – 6'3

Emily's Weight – 180 pounds

And so, against my better judgment, I brought Emily another vial, just like the first.

This time, Emily acted much more dramatically to the silver vial. Quickly, she grabbed it out of her hands, imbibing its contents immediately, slurping and swallowing with enthusiasm. In mere seconds the vials contents were gone, firmly in the young girl's stomach.

And her growth resumed, faster than ever. Emily's footsteps echoed loudly throughout the house. There was no wi-fi... somehow this young girl had thought of being recorded from several different angles. But I knew if I did anything about it myself, I would immediately be in awful trouble.

And so I got used to Emily simply being bigger than me. I spent over two hours a day, every day, cooking. Emily's parents had, in a way, many of the same thoughts as their daughter, so there was no automated cooker available. It was up to me to prepare her every meal, and I was hardly a good cook. But Emily simply ate whatever I put before her, hardly even caring as long as I gave her the raw calories.

And, each night, after eating, and eating to her hearts' content, Emily would lean her large, soft, skinny body against mine, contained in her mom's bathrobe, which itself was becoming tight.

Until, finally, it looked like a parody. She walked up to me, again on a Sunday, and it was obvious that the bathrobe would soon fail.

"Every two weeks, Dicky-boy." Emily remarked, her back turned towards me. Her plump, childish butt was visible below the taut bathrobe, failing to even cover Emily's ass. She leaned back, inviting me to stare at her. "As long as you get me the treatment every two weeks... I'll pay you back too."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. Emily turned around, staring down at me imperiously.

"I haven't had the most friends in school, back home, despite my looks." Emily sighed. "Maybe it's just that I have had too many advantages in life. And maybe I'm even a little aspie." She sighed, but her expression changed. "But you're weirder. A lot weirder. You know that? You are a freak. A freak who completed a project like yours because you're into giant girls. And a freak who stares at me because you're into little girls. So I can be your living contradiction. A giant, little girl. Just for you. For the entire summer. That's what you get by giving me what I want... I'm here allllll day, just waiting for you. And on the weekends, there's nothing to distract us at all."

And with that, she slipped her bathrobe off. Her blue eyes had an outright crazy sheen, staring at me, fixated... beyond fixated... on her continued growth. On using me to become bigger.

Emily's breasts were barely there, her figure stick like, yet simply... big, before me. Emily's nipples were, however, hard. And her barely-developed breasts, A cups at best, did jiggle slightly with her steps. If I had stood up, they would have been approximately level with my eyes. As it was, I stared at her stomach. While she was clearly athletic, a bit of child-like pudge hung on Emily's stomach as well. It growled, almost directly in front of my face, demanding more from me. And her hairless crotch, replete with pink, delicate pussy lips, hung below my face. Drops of clear liquid trickled down from the oversized girl's crotch, demanding more from me. Her musk filled the room, the musk of a girl beginning to go through puberty. Her light, pink clitoris peaked through her pussy lips, innocently revealed before me.

"Mister... I don't know what to do... I just want you to help me feel good..." Emily continued in a mocking, childish voice, her right pinky darting up to her lips to complete the image of faux-innocence. "Please help me feel good... take off your clothes mister..."

"Why do you want to be tall so badly!?" I exclaimed, feeling my willpower wavering. "You want me to do this... to feel ASHAMED before you, so I do anything you want! That's all!"

"Yep." Emily replied flatly. "Take off your clothes. Or I'll rip them off for you. Ok buddy?" Emily's hands wrapped against the waist of my jeans. I swallowed. Emily's hands were strong. Her face leaned in close to mine. A few, small freckles were visible on her tanned, round, face. Before this nymphette, I begun to undress.

"You've wasted nearly half the summer, mister." Emily leaned in again. "You can experience something no man has before. You can lose yourself in me." Gingerly, I pulled my jeans, and my underwear off, in a single, fluid motion.

There was no going back.

The thing was nearly a foot long. My cock. It had always been my best feature. Emily made an 'O' with her childish face as she looked at it.

"Looks like I'll still need to grow for that..." she swallowed, eager, nervously. This was too much. But she reached in, her lips encircling my head. With her overwhelming size, she couldn't exactly take it in, but she took the cockhead around her lips. My last girlfriend couldn't accomplish that... what this twelve year old brat could. Her tongue gingerly, delicately, probed my cockhead, her saliva covering the tip of my dick. And Emily knelt in front of me.

My hands pressed against her head. Emily's long, blonde hair went past her shoulders. I pressed down upon her soft, blonde hair, attempting to force her head further down my throat. With complete surprise, her head slid down, even as Emily gagged. It took very little.... Soon... incredibly... Emily's mouth and throat had taken over half of my dick.

“Aim eaaating yo cock...” Emily slurped, her mouth full to bursting. It always took a lot to get my oversized cock going... but now I found myself struggling to hold my release back, desperate before this twelve year old girl. But I was no longer in control. Emily was swallowing my monster-cock, the young girl eager to please me. My hands continued to grope and play with Emily’s hair, messing it up, even as her tight mouth continued to eagerly suck on me. Soon, my right hand reached down, gripping her soft shoulder. Even with her increased size, Emily was every bit as soft as before... her body was bigger, but there was just... more softness. This bizarrely slutty, oversized twelve year old continued to suck on me.

And I exploded. Burst after burst of cum went inside her mouth, pulses of pleasure tingling like electric shocks throughout my entire body. It couldn’t have been more than five minutes. Before Emily... I had no control, none at all. With a tantalizing, heavy slurp, Emily withdrew her over-sized preteen mouth off of mine, paying rapt attention to my labored breaths.

“Now you’re mine...” Emily smiled. “This’ll be us... every... day... this summer. I’ll be here... just for you...” Her voice was far from entirely innocent. Every word dripped with mockery. And they contained no mention of what would happen after her parents came back. “My parents left me an UNLIMITED card... they don’t even check the account. You can just order whatever amount of food you want. Delivered right here. After all... you need to keep me growing. For your pleasure.” The mockery was even thicker than before... but...

“Oh... I think you’re cute. You turn me on, Dicky... I’m not like most girls... thinking about my sexuality I’d say...” she put her pinky to her lips again, before licking them, slowly, reveling in her power... “I’d say I’m dominant, you know? I want to make you my little toy. More so than I already have. And I’ll enjoy just you for weeks... while I get big enough... so people won’t question me... you can keep me hidden here, right? Before I’m big enough to dominate the world?”

I didn’t say a word. But my dick was already hard again, rapt at attention before this bizarre girl.

“Let me put it inside...” I whispered, stuttering, impossibly nervous. Emily’s eyes narrowed a little, before opening up, a wide smile plastered on her.

“Of course!” Emily cried. “Just get me a new treatment every week!”

“Every week! Two weeks was good...”

“Every week Dickey.” Emily replied, the cuteness gone from her voice. I nodded.

“Good.” Emily continued, her cute voice retaining a little of her business like character.

“Now... I’m heavier than you... so... I may press you into the couch a little.” Her lithe body mounted mine, Emily blocking the artificial light of the living room, casting me into darkness. The blonde girl licked her lips, before she began to descend her pussy against my rock hard cock.

“There’s no protection!”

“I have the pill, loser.” Emily sunk down on me, as her pussy begun to sink down on me. She winced, as a bit of blood trickled from her broken hymen, but her pussy continued to suck the entirety of my shaft, the tunnel of flesh devouring my cock. For a moment, I imagined my whole body inside the giggling Emily, eaten by her pussy. But that image disappeared as she threw her body against mine, my head pressed against her undeveloped chest. I licked her soft, soft, comparatively small chest, the mewling Emily becoming my entire world. My glans grew even larger under her soft touch.

“Be a pervert for me.” Emily cooed. “You’re gonna drown in my soft touch. They’ll be mountains of little girl flesh surrounding you soon, filling up this entire fucking house, until I burst out, like a cocoon. You told me before... the problem with your project...” Emily smiled widely. “Too many doses... and it’s hard to stop. Its like a chain reaction. The subject... just keeps growing. Without end. That’s gonna be me, Dicky.”

I exploded again. Shot after shot of semen shot inside Emily’s hungry, young, vagina, pulsing around my cock, caressing and teasing every last drop of semen out of it. I bucked against her young, soft, chest and stomach, the sweaty skin pressing against me. But with all my strength, I couldn’t lift Emily off of me. She kept giggling, amazed at how big she had already become, the nymphette enthralled with her own power, and her sexual power at that. Emily’s body already almost hurt me, heavily pressing her soft flesh down on me.

She leaned down, allowing me to kiss her, even while I was inside of her, eagerly going for another round. Her tongue expertly played with mine. It no longer felt wrong. Her curious sexuality, along with her increased size, had overwhelmed by senses. Nothing felt wrong about me fucking Emily... no... Emily fucking me... anymore.

There was a deep moistness inside Emily’s smooth tunnel. Lubricated with her sexual fluids, her flesh fluttered and squeezed against mine, drawing shocks and moans of pleasure from me. Height after height of arousal was expertly achieved. Until, finally, I came inside of her, the young girl mewling as she took my full eruption. I had just... inside my cousin... Emily smiled widely, her teeth shining before me, the broad face staring down at mine.

“You’re fucking mine now. You know what you did. You won’t be able to escape your own shame.” Emily hugged me again, into her larger body.

“Do you know how many people, how many pe-do-hil-es would give up their LIVES to be in this position, to be hugged, surrounded, by an exceptionally pretty, big little girl? And your cousin, at that? My parents would KILL you if they knew what you were doing. And you know... I’ll have to protect you, Richard?”

“Protect me?” But her ear nibbled against mine, causing my seemingly spent dick, buried within this young girl, to grow fully hard again.

“You just fucked me. I could end your life at any moment. Anyone who finds out about this could end your life at any moment. I’ll have to grow bigger... and bigger... and more influential. And then... I’ll be able to bend laws Richard... for you... and for anyone I like... don’t you love being trapped here with me... for weeks on end. I have to grow big while I’m here...” she leaned in further.

“One treatment won’t cut it little boy.”

“I’m NOT getting another!” Emily pinched my nipples, sending shocks of pain and arousal racheting through my body. And she leaned in to kiss me again, her larger tongue briefly playing with my own. I bucked against her for a little while, before pulling away.

“You’re getting me another treatment. Because if you don’t, you won’t get any more of this bliss. And if I don’t get bigger... big enough that the other girls at school are caught staring at my rich girl ass... at least... I’ll make sure your life’s forfeit!” Emily smiled, triumphantly.

“You stupid brat.”

“You loooovvveee this stupid brat. And you’re a stupid brat too. A stupid, pathetic limp dick brat who let his whole life revolve around his underage crush...”

“Emily...”

“One more thing...” her hands gripped mine again, as she shifted her weight on top of me, still keeping me inside of her. It was only then that I realized my legs had grown numb under her. Emily tilted my head up, until I was looking into her eyes.

“Admit you like me...” Emily demanded, “Or I’ll stop.”

“I like you.” Emily shifted on me again, inserting more of my shaft into her, a mewling noise escaping her. And then she pumped up and down.

“Admit... you think I’m sexy.”

“Y... you’re sexy!” I cried out. And Emily moved faster. Her soft thighs knocked into my own with an incredible pace, her thick, pudgy butt, beginning to firm, thumping rapidly against me.

“Admit... you love my body... you love it!”

“I love your body!!!” I cried, as I pumped inside her again. And Emily smirked.

“You’re so pathetic Richard. So worthless. Such trash... but you’re my trash. And you’re useful... I can’t wait to be bigger...” Emily cooed, teasing me, as she milked me further.

Emily's Growing Path

Emily's Height – 6'3 – 7'3

Emily's Weight – 280 pounds

And, soon, Emily grew into a giantess. It was almost overnight... but ordering massive quantities of food online, and feeding it to the overeager blonde soon had its effect. Emily's steps echoed throughout the large house, no matter where she was. Her body imperiously swayed above mine.

Naked.

Always naked.

The overgrown nymphette did not make any effort to receive larger clothes. She didn't even mention it to me, like clothes were beneath her. And, in the effort of secrecy, she didn't reach out to anyone else. The overgrown secret... the secret of Emily's new size, rested only with me.

A new treatment. Every week.

Potential disaster.

A body with nanobots equipped to disobey all potential limitations. Even the square cube law. To grow... and grow... and grow...

Potential disaster... for all mankind.

But I kept it a secret. Because this bratty girl mocked me with every word, even as she allowed me free access to her body. Emily was far bigger than me. She could have held me back. But, as long as I didn't get between her and her food, Emily allowed me... no... demanded me... to use her body at any time.

At any time, and she always controlled it... even when it seemed like I was telling her what to do.

"After all, you're looking more and more like a dolly!" Emily exclaimed in her exaggerated little girl voice... being a little girl herself, it wasn't exactly hard for her. "I measured myself on the scale this morning... 280 pounds. I weigh as much as two of you, buddy. So it's my rules in the bedroom... the flat little girl purred. Sex had become a multiple time a day affair with Emily. No... her sexual appetite was as insatiable as her hunger. I always came before her, and more than her, driven wild by her. But even so, it seemed that Emily couldn't have enough fucking me, and fucking with me.

Right now, I stared straight at her, my five and a half foot body looking straight into her upper stomach, staring right at Emily.

Emily knelt down, way down, almost into a squat, her knees bent, until she only had to look down a couple of inches to meet my eyes, her large hand tilting my head up to look at hers.

“I’ll let you make a request Dickey. Every day. Bliss. Just tell me what you want me to do... and I’ll fulfill your every perverted fantasy. Cause you’re fulfilling mine...” her hot and heavy breath rolled across my face, stronger every day. My mind had been going blank every day. She refused to leave me alone... after she was done eating, a process that would take hours, Emily latched onto me with the persistence of a parasite, forcibly submerging me in sexual bliss for ten... twelve... fourteen hours at a time.

“Right... well...” my cock twitched, thinking of my request. “Could you sit on me? Just so I could feel what it’s like?” I turned red, even making the request. It was still embarrassing. Forbidden.

“Sit on you? Hmm... ok!” Emily exclaimed brightly. “But we’ll need to go to the bedroom. I need something soft under you. Don’t wanna squish you!” Emily’s soft hands wrapped around me. I yelped at the strange sensation, but Emily picked me up, easily, her hands hoisting me under her armpits. I soon found myself looking at the billboard like face of my young cousin, a thrill shooting through me at how big she had already become.

“Right then... straight to the bedroom...” Emily carried me, hoisted over her shoulders, as she walked up the stairs, creaking under her massive weight. Soon, I was thrown onto the bed like a sack of potatoes.

For a moment, I marveled at Emily’s lust. Her body was adapting to the nanomachine matrix I had introduced into her. I had no idea what the end effects would be. I had not studied the system well enough. But it seemed obvious that the machine had ignited her sex drive beyond the curious urges the nymphette had before. And, further, it had increased her pheromone levels, probed what I desired, and sought to overstimulate me... which was, further, outright unnecessary. Even without these pheromonal changes, Emily would have driven me to insane levels of lust.

No... it was unfair to say that anything had changed. The system seemed to “change” as little as possible. Emily output more of her pheromones, even for her size, but they were the same as before. I simply lusted for this blonde brat.

“I had a crush on you since I was ten. You’re my first...” Emily confessed. “Maybe that’s weird... but I ALWAYS get what I want... she smirked. And I want to try every single position with you... before I get too big. Wring every fuck-ing ounce of pleasure out of you. And you’re gonna love it... even if I break your mind.” Emily licked her lips. “And I’ll keep you safe. No matter what.” Emily slowly lowered her butt onto my face, the soft plushy flesh of the twelve year old girl flowing over me, blocking out the outside world. I was instantaneously greeted by a humid, sweaty, complete darkness from the moment Emily sat on me. In this facesitting session, Emily’s preteen butt was bigger than any dominatrix, and had more of an effect. I nearly immediately found it difficult to breathe, sucking against the flesh of Emily’s soft ass desperately, my face growing red.

“Lick me, Dicky!” Emily giggled. “I know it’s hard, but you can do it!!!” Emily’s butt was perfectly clean, and yet a strange odor wafted off of it slightly, as she kept pushing her

asshole against her mouth, sitting her great weight on me. Yet, consciously, I realized she rested her hands to the side of the bed, keeping me from being snuffed to death under little girl ass.

“Hehehe...” Emily continued, feeling my tongue lap against her soft ass. I eagerly licked and sucked at her, and, generously, Emily allowed me to breathe as I serviced her eagerly. My penis was rapt at attention, rock-hard from the stimulation of Emily’s massive butt.

“You’re the largest girl on Earth... and I have you all to myself!” I breathed, in a moment where Emily lifted herself off of me. I loved being trapped under Emily’s soft ass. And Emily continued to bounce softly on me, occasionally, the soft skin of her ass rippling on and around my face. I did my best to eagerly stimulate my young mistress, hearing her moans echo around me as I fed her lust.

“For now anyway...” Emily cooed. “You’ll always have a special place... even after I achieve everything... but I’ll be too big to be satisfied by one pathetic Dickey...” her voice grew softer, “I’ll be too big to be satisfied by anyone except myself... you’ll all just have to watch...”

Pathetically, all my ministrations did was place us on an equal footing. As her butt plopped on my face, with a wet, smacking sound, I came at the same time as her, ropes of thick cum shooting out of my thick dick, as Emily’s oversized pussy coated my face and chest in her thick, sticky girl-cum. Her butt and thighs clamped around me, knocking the air out of me entirely, threatening to crush my life between her sticky thighs in a vice grip. For a moment, I struggled for breath; no desperately I breathed, but my mouth was greeted by girl-cum rather than air. Not once.... Or even twice. Squirt. Squirt. Squirt. A cheeky giggle, and a playful squeeze of her thighs, Emily seamlessly subjected me to breath-play, letting me know just how helpless I was. It spread all around, a thick, heavy, pungent sticky puddle covering half my body

“Phew!” Emily exclaimed, lifting the heavy weight of her ass off of me for a moment. “How was that for a little girl?” Her cute face winked down at me.

“Incredible...” I sighed. Emily crawled off from me, for a moment, the bed creaking ominously under the blonde’s weight, Emily playfully rolling around on her bed, as she pulled her body into mine. Emily’s body was now noticeably ‘thicker’ than mine, being larger three dimensionally. Both of us were lying on her side, yet my shoulders were barely over half as wide as hers. Her thick, creamy lubricant was flowing down Emily’s thigh, dripping onto me, as she held her body right next to mine. Pressed into Emily’s chest, I nibbled at her firm nipple, caked against Emily’s body by her pungent, fragrant, pheromone-laden sweat. The nipple was nearly as big as a cork, and it was firm, hard, flexible within my mouth.

“You’re suckling on your little cousin’s teat, just like a baby.”

“Yeah... I’m a pervert. A major pervert. I think I have no choice but to just admit it.” I cuddled up against Emily’s sweaty body. “You always liked to play outside compared to most people, but now you’re stuck inside all the time.” Emily looked at me, her mind appearing to

be working in overdrive. There was something strange happening to her. Even as the young girl's body looked the same – something was going on.

“Hmm...” Emily sighed, her arm wrapped around mine, carefully. She pulled my body back below her, rolling me over. “It's certainly affected my sex drive.” Her vast body loomed above me, menacingly, the girl twice my size lowering herself onto me. “I can swallow up Dickey's little dick now. Make it mine... ehehe...” Emily giggled again, naughtily, as I was slid into her easily.

“I've never been able to fit inside a girl before!” I cried out. “I changed your diapers!!! This is too fucking weird!!!” But, looming above me, Emily pressed down on me even harder, muffling my voice as she pressed me against the bed, sliding up and down against my cock like a dog in heat, repeatedly battering my body.

“Power... power... power... that's what everyone wants, right? Well, I think I'm already pretty powerful. Powerful... and cute. And big. But I want more than most people. I want ALL the power. And all the sexiness. All the lust, directed towards me.” Her release kept pouring down me, covering my body, as Emily's moans grew higher and higher, her already high pitched voice reaching an incredible high point. My body tingled, every single point where Emily was draped across my body, her soft, heavy bulk as a pleasure point. And Emily's pleasure kept mounting as well, the liquid stain across me spreading out farther and farther, until, at last, Emily came, her body shuddering against mine.

But Emily made no movement to get off of me. Her blonde hair hung, tangled and messy, straight down to the bed, as Emily lifted herself off of me slightly, staring down at my smaller, limp body. My cock grew softer inside of Emily, but only slightly.

“You're already getting hard again,” Emily whispered. “Enjoy this. Soon I'll be too big for this.”

“Yeahhhh...” I replied, awkwardly. “It disturbs me how sex-obsessed I've grown with a little girl overnight.” But my reaction only got Emily to sniff.

“I am NOT little. In fact I'm one of the biggest people on Earth!” Emily continued to huff, as she gyrated her skinny hips again, her body slamming mine repeatedly.

“I don't mind, Emily, but it hurts. There's a big ache where your hips are hitting mine. You've got to control your size a little.”

“That's just part of dominating you, silly.” I know exactly what I'm doing. “In the span of a couple of weeks, I've learned soooo much about sex. Like I can slowly slip your dick out... pull out until the head is exposed...” She did exactly that, showing my dick, covered in our mutual juices. For a moment, I even saw a bit of my cockhead exposed.

“And then I can slam back down.” In one, fluid motion, her massive preteen pussy swallowed my dick, causing it to disappear in a moment. Entirely within Emily. She repeated this process several times over, swallowing and releasing my dick in controlled, teasing movements.

I grabbed her pudgy hips, each one taller than my entire body, for some sort of purchase as I lost control again, cumming within the mountainous girl for the second time within ten minutes.

“EMMMMILLLLYYYYY!!!!” I cried out. All the hours spent feeding this monstrous girl, stealing from my lab, risking my degree and who knows what else, it all seemed worth it, looking up at the sparkling face of the girl who dominated every aspect of my existence.

“Doggy-style now.”

“Again?”

“Or we could go to sleep and do nothing?” Emily rolled her eyes.

“Doggy-style sounds good.” Emily turned around, her butt pointed towards me. Her body stretched the entire length of the bed, her feet pressed against the headboard, as her hands gripped the end, her blonde head stretching across the end of the bed. Her knees rested against the bed, and she arched her pert, perky, soft butt towards me. Unlike her flat chest, her ass had developed some curves, and I watched the cute, perky butt with intent as she raised it towards me.

“I barely have to bend over...” I muttered, the loli’s butt like a billboard, wider than my entire body. My marvel merely caused Emily to laugh even harder.

“You’re a pervert. A pedophile. You’re lucky I’m going to be the most powerful thing on Earth. The biggest, bratty disaster to ever strike. Do you have ANY idea how big I plan to get? I heard you muttering about the problem with your little nanobots. That’s where I even got this idea. Every single week... until they go into overdrive. And then there’s no stopping Emily. I’ll do my best to make sure you’re safe. But you know there’s going to be so much destruction, just cause you want to mount my preteen ass. So much death. Society, worldwide, upended.”

“You threatened me!” I retorted as I drove my full length into her, trying in some way to dominate her, driving myself forward. But I lurched, my body splaying over Emily’s ass and back, causing her to laugh uproarishly. I tried my best to get back into position to drive into Emily’s ass – but the damage had already been done.

Emily wriggled her butt, making my entire body shift with it. And, again, I tried to thrust myself inside her with full force. This bizarrely horny young girl moaned as I quickly picked up a sweat. My legs shook, my body ached, as I put everything I had into fucking this young girl. And, nearly instantly, I found myself cumming again, humiliation trickling down from Emily’s pussy as I continued.

“That’s one of mine to three of yours!” Emily sneered. “And I can tell YOU think I’m the horny one.” But still, I grunted, thrusting against Emily’s soft, plushy, rippling, sweaty butt. Her body, her pheromones, had laid me bare – Emily seemed custom designed to drain me of my will and my seed.

Again I came. And again I continued to thrust.

Soon I had embraced leaning over Emily's plush butt. My thrusts were weaker, the result of Emily draining me repeatedly. Still, I moved forward; it hurt, but my dick was hard, as I continued to pound her ass.

"I'm beginning to grow so fast now... it's probably been an inch since we started fucking today..." Emily cooed. Her stomach growled. "But I've digested a lot... maybe it's two? Three? Who knows. I certainly feel like I'm a little bigger than when we started, Dickey. A little stronger. And you're just a little bit smaller. More pathetic. A beanpole of a man pressing against my cute little butt. You're less than half my size. Less than half my weight."

"Emily... you planned this all out..." I groaned, pressing down on the back of her plush thighs, as I renewed the attack on Emily's great ass, rippling with my every thrust. Emily thrust back once, her plush ass more than covering my hips, nearly knocking me down to the ground.

"Of course I did..." Emily's voice carried a sweet and venomous tone. "I've watched you... watching me... eating bugs outside... my tongue swirling around a ladybug... drowning it slowly in my saliva... my tongue wrapping around it... smiling as I leave it on the center of my tongue... close my mouth... and swallow... a cute little lump in my throat showing its demise... it's been a show for you. Soon enough, instead of bugs it'll be... you know... ehehehehehehe... I'll put on QUITE the show for you... hehehe... ha... I want to always stay like this... with this figure, cause it's what you like, Dicky..." she paused, huffing. "You slowed down. Go harder. I'll be too big for this soon, so you better make it worth it."

"You know all about what can happen..." I sighed. "About your growth going out of control... and you want it..."

"I have some friends at school. More than you. I'll protect them too. They'll be scared at first of my size. But I'll protect the people I know. The people I want to protect. And, for the most part, humanity will be fine. Better off. With a little girl to lead them, give them a purpose. Still, plenty are gonna get trampled in my growing path. All cause of you, Dicky."

Shuddering, I lost control again. A couple of pathetic drops of cum leaked out. Emily didn't even make any sign that she noticed.

Chapter 6

Emily's Height - 8'6

Emily's Weight - 460 pounds

Now it had become truly apparent that I had left the realm of the normal, and left into the realm of Emily.

“461 pounds!!!” Emily exclaimed, before the scale creaked, cracked, and with a bang, fell in on itself. Emily stood there, shocked, her feet nearly flat against the floor.

“Crap... your little charge is too big. I just broke the thing.” Emily laughed, walking over to me. The living room was opened up to the second floor, so there yet wasn’t any need at all to stoop, and, as such, it was where Emily spent much of her days. Menacingly, she moved in front of me, until I was staring straight into her stomach. Predictably, normally it rumbled.

“Feed me.” Emily demanded. “You know the drill. You gotta pump me up bigger.” Without another word, she layed down, like a cat, expecting me to feed her hundreds of pounds worth of food. Everything I had was premade now; I hardly had time to cook to keep up with Emily’s appetite.

“I keep my lab hours short as possible without raising suspicion,” I told my young mistress, as I fed her from a large bundle of grapes. She opened her mouth wide open. I couldn’t help but feel a sense of primal fear as Emily expected me to insert my entire hand inside her mouth to feed her. At any moment, it felt like the blonde, with the appearance befitting an elementary school cheerleader, could bite my whole hand off, swallowing it like a piece of candy. Emily could eat for hours on end now. There was no discernible end to her unnatural appetite. Her oversized head, twice as wide as my own, regarded me casually.

“Just be sure to not expose me.” Emily sighed. “I need this to go on as long as possible. At least till my parents get back. Just till this process gets out of control. I think you understand exactly what I’m aiming for now.” Emily’s large hand covered my head, ruffling my hair, treating me just like a pet. I was entirely naked. Emily required me to be entirely naked at all times around her now.

“Friends have been trying to call me as well... what should I do?” Emily sniffed in response.

“Is that even a question? You’re hard right now. You’re constantly hard. You stay hard, that big dick throbbing even after coming ten times in a night. And I have to stay all sealed up. Of course you’re not going to see them. You’re mine now, Dickey. It upsets me that you’d even think of anything other than my body.”

“I don’t think I do anymore...” I cried out, leading to a cat-like smile from Emily. Even sitting down, she barely had to look up to stare at me in the eye. Her body was so physically huge, so all-encompassing. I leaned in towards her, wanting to kiss her. My urges, urges to engage in an endless stream of forbidden love overwhelmed my entire body.

And then there was a knock at the door. For a moment, Emily and I both sat there, silently.

“This place is far away from any other house...” Emily hissed, her voice quiet. “And my friends aren’t up here. Nobody’s coming to visit. It must be someone who knows your dumb pedo ass.”

The knocking resumed again. Louder, more insistent. It wasn’t someone to drop something off. It was obviously someone who wanted to see me. I swallowed nervously.

Emily stared at me softly yet commandingly, her eyes full of purpose.

“You know you’re my trash, Dicky. I love you. And I’m going to be with you every single day this summer... to mark my transformation. To get it to the point of being unstoppable. That is your purpose in life. It’s why you were born.” Two hands encircled each of my cheeks... no... each hand cupped the side of my head entirely, a soft, yet impossibly strong grip enveloping me.

“You are going to get dressed. You are going to chase them away. I can feel the boulder rolling, faster and faster. But it’s not unstoppable yet.” Emily’s hands released me, her head gesturing towards the door.

“Go,” Emily commanded. Hastily, I threw on a T-shirt and a pair of jeans.

“Coming!” I announced, as the guest knocked at the door again. Finally, I swung it open.

A young woman was revealed at the entrance. Brunette hair, a developed figure, capped with C-cup breasts and flaring hips, encased by her own pair of jeans and a pink, short sleeve shirt. The girl wore a small pair of glasses, and had brown eyes. Her inquisitive eyes looked like they were staring into my soul.

It was my ex-girlfriend, Rebecca. The only woman I had ever dated.

And it had become awkward to work with her since we broke up. Because she was my lab partner on our infinite phd. She was a nice enough girl, but she stressed out about our unending project; to some extent, I blamed that for her decision to see other men. I felt that she wanted an escape from our hopeless experiment. But maybe it was my fault too, for putting too much time into it. Or maybe it had something to do with her being a couple of inches taller than me.

I knew why Rebecca was here immediately.

“What’s happening with our vials, Richard?” Rebecca asked, a fake-sweet tone in her voice. “They’ve been disappearing. Every. Single. Week. What can you possibly be doing with them? You know we haven’t tested them well enough?”

I struggled to think of a response. The room behind me was incredibly quiet, and I kept the door open just a crack, concealing all 460 pounds of Emily.

But then her stomach rumbled. A long, slow growl, louder than any stomach should ever sound, involuntarily erupted from Emily, for an incredible ten long seconds, the groaning and churning of her stomach made itself known to Rebecca. And Rebecca's face grew red, understanding filling her in that moment.

"We were working on a height treatment... whoever that is sounds a little more than tall." She spoke matter-of-factly, trying to force the door open.

"Please Rebecca, wait!" I pleaded. I was strong enough to keep her from forcing her way in. But I knew Rebecca was stubborn. She wouldn't give up.

"Whoever is in your house is giant!!" Rebecca exclaimed. "You gave the stupid formula to someone!!! And you... you... knew the limitations... that it might result in a chain reaction if too much is given... how big is the person... girl... it's a woman, I bet... in that house!?"

"Please go." I begged again. "Please. This doesn't interfere with the experiment at all. It's fine." But Rebecca stomped on my foot, sending a jolt of pain through my leg. And she forced her way inside.

Where she was greeted by the sight of a very big, very naked twelve year old girl.

"Uhh... well... I... that's your cousin? The one you always talked about? The girl you talked to all the time? Emily? That's her name.. right?" Rebecca kept stuttering and stammering, looking at the sight before her. Emily waived. And then she shifted her body slightly, heading closer for the door. It was... very difficult for the girl to be subtle, but her intent was obvious. Emily was cutting off any means of escape.

"Great..." Emily muttered. "You're Richard's little ex, right? What's weirder to you? The idea that he used the potion so recklessly? Or is it my age?" Rebecca stood in place, looking around cautiously, realizing that Emily was going to block off the exit.

"You're part of the reason I broke up." She smiled, splaying her arms to the side. "He always talked about you way too much, even when he was with me. It seemed unhealthy. I didn't assume it was this unhealthy... but I always thought it was a possibility. You know?" But she continued to train her eyes on my cousin with suspicion.

"Richard... You know this isn't safe. Not in the least. You have to know that!" Emily's stomach issued another long, slow, rumble, accentuating her point. But...

"Of course I know that. She's... very persuasive... though..."

"Very persuasive? It solved everything! We solved the square-cube law, even! There's no LIMIT to how big she can get if this thing goes out of control! Or... at least... we don't know what the limits are. And... this place smells of sex. You've been... with Emily... wow... hell man. I..." Rebecca shook her head, slamming the door behind her, as she flopped over to the

couch, looking depressed. “I dated someone... like you... ughhhhhh...” yet, her eyes regarded Emily with some degree of fascination.

“You know, people at school made fun of me for being short.” Emily stated, interrupting the awkward silence that had fallen over us. “If it was a stranger, I’d think about sitting on you to buy time,”

“And kill me!?”

Emily just shrugged again.

“But...” Emily placed a finger to her lips again, smiling, a common habit recently... “You helped make this. You should know that people place blame on anything. Do anything to hurt other people. To signify that they’re better than other people. But you know... that’s why this was possible. You wanted to make your mark on the world, so desperately. So fully. So fervently. And now you have a chance. All you have to do... is let everything go out of control. Let me grow out of control.” At that moment, Emily reached her arms around Rebecca. The older girl squirmed, but to no avail. She couldn’t even begin to break the iron-clad grip Emily exerted over Rebecca.

“LET ME GO!!!” Rebecca yelled. But she couldn’t do anything, under the effect of Emily’s vice grip. The young girl just giggled.

“I can do stuff like this with anyone now. Anyone. Alice made fun of me all the time. Called me Little Em. Ehehe... I could just strip her now... just like I’m gonna strip you...” She begin to roughly tear at her clothes, pudgy, oversized fingers ripping under the buttons of Rebecca’s shirt, easily ripping it off. Efficiently Emily’s fingers probed, the same curiosity visible as when she picked apart the legs of insects before. What girl was I making huge, giving absolute power to?

“Stop... stop... I know you’re young! But you smell of sex!!! You know what you’re doing! Quit groping me!!! Don’t rape me!!!”

“I learned almost everything I know over the past couple of weeks...” Emily cooed, as her finger hooked below Rebecca’s bra, tearing it apart in a single motion. “Your boyfriend taught me...”

“Emily... I...” I tried to awkwardly speak up, but Emily just turned around, spreading her legs in front of me. She leaned back, holding Rebecca like a doll, her pubic mound revealed.

“I’m still hungry, but I’m gonna have to wait.” Emily pouted. She even sounded slightly angry. “But I’m gonna have to grope your girlfriend into submission.” Her voice still carried the same sound of anger, but she calmed down a little, her arms wrapped around Rebecca, pressing her into Emily’s bare stomach and chest.

“Hey... hey...” Emily spoke in a softer tone. “Why don’t you... come on girl... oh... come on!!! Are you gonna report me... make sure my growth’s stopped? Where will that get you? Hey...” Emily practically cooed out her admonition. Rebecca had bitten her hand, but, to the

overgrown girl, it wasn't thick enough to draw any blood whatsoever. But Emily giggled. She just giggled.

And then Rebecca's pants were pulled down. I could hear the snap of her waistband as Emily easily cut it with her fingernail. Rebecca's jeans fell to the floor, and a delicate, girl's finger, oversized, probed. Emily cupped Rebecca's butt in her right hand, nearly able to cover the whole surface, groping, squeezing. And then her middle finger went straight into Rebecca's asshole, causing her to yelp, as Emily laughed.

Rebecca pissed herself, her pee running from her down Emily's hand, to the floor below. For a second Emily grimaced in disgust, but, just as soon the reaction was gone.

"I do like to squeeze your grown-up butt... it's nice. Firm. Pliable... Sexy." Emily licked her lips, gazing hungrily. She then raised the girl, stripped naked, up to her mouth. And, Emily begun to lick Rebecca like ice cream. Probing and grasping, the pink instrument, itself jutting nearly eight inches out of her mouth. I could only watch from behind, but Emily's pink tongue wriggled, lapped, probed, caressed. And Rebecca's screams... turned to moans. At first they were a little nervous, moans of arousal mixed with moans of fear. But her pitch got higher and higher. And Emily's tongue slipped into Rebecca's body, acting as a fully functional, flexible dick. But I couldn't help but feel jealous... a sense of being deprived. But Emily had given me a solution.

I approached her own pussy lips, each full and firm and moist. The lips were lily pink, Her cum leaked out, viscous, syrupy, I lapped at Emily's release. Her clit, itself nearly four inches long, emerged, fat, bulbous, bright pink, I swallowed her clit in my mouth, and sucked on it like a cock.

Her thighs squeezed in, taking me a little from the outside world, Yet, even so, I could hear Rebecca's cries of please above me. Emily was suspending Rebecca's entire body above mine, with no effort at all. And soon, she reached a climax. But Emily held me in, her lips as large as my face, sticking to me like a battering ram, her greedy, insistent, ensuring I had to use my hands, my mouth, everything to desperately quell her massive, hairless pussy.

And Emily came, a minor orgasm, coating every inch of my face.

"Oh... oh... OH!" Emily cried, as her sticky release soaked against me, her hands pressing in, threatening to crack my skull. But I was happy. Happy to make Emily happy. Happy to please her.

"I just came... I was just brought to orgasm... by... christ... a fucking kid..." Rebecca's body flopped uselessly on top of mine, Emily leaving us together in a pile. Rebecca sobbed, a crazy sound in her voice.

"I like you. You're really eager!" Emily's eager voice boomed around me, looking down at Rebecca.

"So what are ya, gonna do? You can't leave without any clothes! I'm afraid your clothes are just alllllll torn up." Shakily, Rebecca climbed off of me, sitting to my side. And she heaved herself up, with the last of her post-orgasmic strength, lying draped across Emily's thigh.

The cute, innocent girl seen smiling, her wide innocent eyes staring back with an all too knowing smirk, in the cheerleader photos. Emily had just ravished Rebecca, in less than five minutes.

“Just cause you can fuck better than my ex doesn’t mean that we shouldn’t stop you from threatening all humanity...” Rebecca sighed, flopping over so she could stare at Emily.

“I like your boobs. Nice. Firm. Suckable. Like a lollipop.” Emily responded, feigning innocence. “You have to let me use them more, ya know?” I could see the little curves looming above me, the signs of Emily’s breasts, just beginning to bud. But still, they jiggled with every bounce. Every part of her body was soft yet firm... super squeezable... and now there was just so much. I continued to think, lying in Emily’s cum puddle.

“Hmm...” Emily cooed. “Do you think I intended to be alone... you ‘mature’ whore.”

“What’s with your dirty mouth!!” Rebecca screamed, but Emily’s wide grin grew yet wider.

“You selfishly come more than me. You two are just the same. You love my body. You’re addicted to it. You can come back if you promise not to tell. I’ll even give your stupid ass clothes!” Her hand reeled back, spanking Rebecca, eliciting a great yelp.

“Your life’s boring. Both of you...” Emily continued. “I’ll make BOTH of you famous...” she opened her mouth wide. “Or I can sit on you, Becky.” She asked playfully.

Emily leaned tantalizingly way, way over, her lithe body curving above me, until her chest landed directly on top of my head, her youthful, budding boobs pressing on either side of me. “I have so many ways to crush both of you. “But Becca, I know Dicky liked you, so I can like you. If I like you... that’s the safest thing you can ask for. Cause I’ll protect you... like me.”

Emily sniffed, lying Rebecca out, picking her head up, and making her eyes face straight into Emily’s.

“You understand. If I sit on you, I would REALLY crush you. Or you can go along, let me grow, and let you be happy and safe. Is that ok... hehe. That childish chubbiness still on my body... it makes me soft... doesn’t it?”

Rebecca spat and coughed, forcing excess of Emily’s saliva out of her mouth.

“Ok... you could sit on me... and crush you now. But surely you know. This could lead to you sitting on cars and crushing them...”

“I can do that now. Small cars, anyway.”

“Houses...”

“Hehe...”

“Skyscrapers...”

“I hope to get that big...” Emily sighed, treating it like a game.

“Mountains... or...”

“Or what...” Emily smirked. “You’re scared to even think about it. Aren’t you? But I promise... you’ll always have a home on me... I’m growing more and more sensitive. I feel everything... no matter how big I get... I’ll feel you on me...” Emily continued to gloat.

Rebecca sat up, looking back between the two of us, sitting back on Emily’s leg, yawning.

“So I guess you’re gonna fuck the world, huh? When I was twelve, I was on the academic team.” Emily’s hands resumed pawing and petting my ex, leading to Rebecca leaning forward, draping herself further over Emily’s leg.

“Being big has always been my greatest fantasy.” Emily sighed. “At least since I was five. Since I learned to love playing with bugs. Now everyone’s gonna be a bug to play with. Those I cherish... I keep real safe, on my body, trapped forever, like a cage... and those I don’t like those who bore me, or those who I just step on by accident, are all gonna get squished.” Emily crowed in triumph.

“But you know... for now you’re really kind of an inconvenience.” Emily looked down at Rachel, shaking her off of her leg like an unwanted pet. “It was nice to try something with a girl, but I told Dicky I’d put him through unlimited bliss for doing this for me.” As Rebecca didn’t move, Emily sighed, a long, drawn-out process signifying her immense boredom.

“You know, most people are selfish, and I’ll make you run out naked if you don’t agree. In fact, you can even come back if you want! But if you tell anyone what’s going on... it’ll be worse for you.” Her expression had no playfulness left; Emily was simply issuing a dead-serious threat. And, just like that, Rebecca, my research partner, and my ex-girlfriend, meekly asked Emily if she could have some of her mom’s clothes.

And, just like that, Rebecca soon scattered, fully dressed, out the door, meek-looking, still smelling like Emily’s sweat, saliva, and cum.

And Rebecca didn't report a thing.

Emily's Hot Tub

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The bathtub had long ceased to be able to hold Emily. But still, Emily insisted on a bath. And, nowadays, Emily tended to get her way.

Rebecca helped coordinate the deliveries now. Emily's parents had access to nearly unlimited funds. And I just used their card online, to purchase everything I could. Thousands upon thousands of dollars of prepared food of all types, delivered by workers just dutifully following instructions, boxes stacked in high groups. Emily was always carefully quiet when they came by, letting her presence remain concealed from the outside world.

And Emily had made me get the hot tub and hook it up. Six feet deep, eight feet across, it was meant to hold a whole group of people comfortably. But as I saw Emily approach the filled hot tub, I realized that it would be a tight fit.

"Hmm..." Emily tested the water with her right foot, wincing slightly from the heat. But she moaned as she slowly slipped into the hottub. Her skin almost immediately turned a light shade of pink as she continued to slip in. Her left leg followed her right. Did I mention that she wasn't using the ladder? At her current size, Emily was able to simply step over the sides into the hot tub. The ladder would have broken anyway.

"Hmm. There's not enough room to stretch my legs out." Emily sighed, trying to adjust herself to make her comfortable. Her round face examined me, gazing at me for a moment.

"Get in." She commanded, reaching out for me. I let Emily pick me up, her soft hands lifting me up, encircling my entire body easily, fingers touching each other around my stomach and back. And, just like that, my naked body was cradled against Emily, one of her arms wrapped against mine, pressing my whole body against Emily's chest. I nestled against her soft surface like a baby. The water in the hot tub was very hot, almost scalding, but it still felt comfortable, surrounded by Emily.

"How many times have you spurted today, Dickey... I lost count around twenty..." Emily sunk in a little, as much as she could, until her shoulders were nearly covered, leaving me to stare at her head. Twice as wide, twice as tall, twice as thick. You'd think it wouldn't look that spectacular, but her head loomed over me, inhuman, beautiful, a striking sign of her size.

Emily burped, the smells of her various food, torn through, destroyed, neutralized, bags upon bags and boxes filling up the kitchen outside.

With a comfortable cooing sound, Emily pulled herself back out a little, water running down her A-cup breasts, the bottom of her hair dripping and soaking. She brought me again to her wet skin. My legs kicked freely in the water, unable to touch the bottom of the tub Emily freely sat in.

“Hmm...” Emily sighed, her expression turning mocking. “What would your parents think about you. My parents think. You’ve been tied to a 12-year old girl for months. Been my little living sex-dolly... shrinking every... single... day... you know they are going to know soon, right? The whole world will know about you.”

“Is it rewiring your mind any?” I replied, a suppressed thought finally being brought to the surface. “Your brain’s a lot bigger too now. Do you feel any smarter?”

“Yeah...” Emily cooed. “But I block it off most the time. I’m a little brat, right? Not a thinker. But if this goes on, I’m confident I’ll figure it out.”

“Figure what out?”

Emily spoke quietly, almost a whisper, as she drew me into her more tightly.

“How to END this boring world... how to allow the scattered survivors to live on me... even if you’re blocking it off, Dickey, I’ll make sure you know what you’re doing. The apocalypse was coming... one way or another. With all the experiments like yours going on unchecked. So it’ll be me. And I’ll prevent a worse one from happening. So many idiots working on crap all the time. Crap that could end humanity. But I’ll save people. They’ll just have to deal with this big brat from now on...” Emily continued in a smug fashion. “Or maybe I won’t get that

“Hmm... it’s hard to think about you that big, Emily. What would you even do at that size.”

“I’m more sensitive Dickey. I’m sure I’ll feel your touch... no matter how big you get...” her right hand, wrapped around my body, went around to my crotch. Even sitting in the hot tub, I could hear the scent of Emily’s arousal, permeating the air.

“You can smell me, can’t you? There’s over ten times as much of me. And that means over ten times my smell.” Emily deftly manipulated me with her hands until my head was pressed against her armpit. Her hairless armpit was held just above the water level. Emily shut her arm around me, giggling as I was immersed in the folds of her flesh. I continued to lick, in some desperate attempt to show affection. In the hottub, it grew extremely hot and humid fast; I felt claustrophobic nearly immediately encased in her sweaty folds.

“You’re like a pet... I kinda always thought you would do good as a pet. You’ve always done everything I wanted.” Emily leaned back a little further, keeping my head in her armpit while leaving the rest of me in her stomach.

“Hmm...” I responded, too engrossed licking at the soft folds of Emily’s armpit to pay any attention to the outside world. It was overwhelmingly hot and humid, surrounded the smell of Emily’s sweat, mixed with her arousal.

Emily stretched herself out, the metal of the hottub groaning, but thankfully not giving away, as she raised herself up, across the entire length, hooking her legs around the edge at the knee. She grabbed my body, adjusting it so that my entire length lay across her stomach, dripping with water. She raised her head up a little at the other end, so that she was staring at me. Slowly, I stood up. Her soft flesh rose up and down with every breath, making it difficult,

but, unsteadily, I rose on her soft stomach. Emily lay below me, already looking like a landscape of little girl at ten feet tall.

“Your thing is always hard around me...” Emily smiled her characteristic cat-like smile, staring at me. “You know it’s not that big to me. Not anymore. Your whole body doesn’t feel like it weighs like anything at all on me. It’s like a feather.”

“Emily... you look so huge already. Have you thought about how you’ll be able to interact with anyone when... I don’t even know how big you’ll get. You’re growth might already be unstoppable.”

“Jack off Dickey. I don’t wanna do anything, but use my body. I know you’ll be a quickshot. And that’s why I don’t respect you. My brain’s getting bigger with my size. My skin more sensitive. It doesn’t matter if you turn into a speck. I’ll always know where you’re at.”

I still felt uneasy.

And a large part of me hadn’t gotten used to this. Used to my strange relationship I had developed with Emily. But there was little I could do – it was clear she was in control.

“Could I try... in the water...” I said, slipping between her legs, climbing back down from my perch on Emily. Soon I was submerged in the water of the hottub, my rod pointing right at her oversized pussy. Emily stared at me with an amused expression covering her face.

“It’s already getting like a hot-dog down an elevator shaft. But I’ll squeeze hard for ya, buddy.” Emily mocked, but I had something slightly different in mind. I squeezed my arms as hard as I could around her thighs, barely able to hook each around to the other side. And I submerged myself under the water almost entirely, my erect rod slipping between her buttcheeks. I thrust my whole body against her soft butt along with my dick.

“When I had sex with Rebecca, I could wrap my hands around her butt for purchase. Even though she’s slightly taller. With you, it feels like it’s bigger than my entire body.” Emily’s soft butt jiggled and bounced above me, but it would barely go up at all with each thrust, maybe a grand total of half an inch. I could barely see around to Emily’s face, only the top of her head visible with her pubic mound blocking the way, but I could hear her giggle.

“Yeah... I’m big.” Emily remarked. “There’s an older girl on the middle school. Sara. I like her, but she can be a bit of an asshole sometimes. And she likes girls too... big boobies. For her size. A nice, tight butt... good thick thighs. I think I’ll take her for a ride which I go public, before I get too big. Once my parents get here...” Her pussy heated up even more in front of me, hopefully at least just a little from the stimulation I was providing, not all from thoughts of her fellow cheerleader.

“You can go inside.” Emily remarked. “I need some more help here. And I just want to see how pathetic your face looks when you get inside me.”

My dick rubbed against Emily’s vast butt. In my position, I likely couldn’t have inserted it inside her asshole without submerging myself underwater. Her soft skin jiggled and rippled, as I humped her butt like a dog. This wasn’t like before. I wouldn’t even have been able to

reach my arms around her wide ass. If it wasn't for the water lifting her up, Emily's ass would have easily cut the life out of me.

And Emily's sweat permeated the air.

"Do you want me... to... ah... clean you off?" I asked, feeling humiliated under Emily's stare, in the silence of me humping her. I had become addicted, enthralled, obsessed with her body. I couldn't look at people at work straight in the eye.

"You're tired, aren't you? I take you to bed with me every night. You sleep curled up around my gigantic body. Constantly hard. And you're ashamed that you're hard. Ashamed because of my age. Ashamed because of what you know I'm going to destroy. Because of what my growth will do. And you feel shameful now, rubbing your dick against my butt." Emily giggled. "You'll have to get used to it. Eventually there'll come a point where you never get off my body. Ever."

I had spent all my life working. Studying. Learning. And it seemed that Emily was the goal I spent all of this toward.

I came, whimpering. I had lost count long ago. A few drops of cum leaked out into the water, from my spent, painful, hard rod.

I continued to lay submerged in the water, staring up at Emily.

"Shampoo my hair. I like clean hair. The rest of me will be fine."

"If you get big enough, no one will be able to wash your hair," I replied. But Emily picked me up easily, making it clear she wouldn't take no for an answer.

"I'll deal with that then." Emily replied flatly.

I lathered up Emily's hair, sitting across her chest and stomach. I was painfully reminded of my eternal arousal as I lay across her body, my crotch unfortunately, tantalizingly pressed against her right breast. As (relatively) small as it was, at her scale, her boob was an impossibly soft, wet, landingpad for my crotch. I was tempted to resume bucking against her like a useless, perverted animal. But I (barely) held myself at bay, as I quickly went through an entire bottle of shampoo. From being full, it took down to the last drop of the bottle to get it through her hair, dripping with vast quantities of hot water, Emily having dipped her head in the hot tub. This continued for at least fifteen minutes, as I found it difficult to comb my hands through all of her long hair. But finally, at long last, it was done, and a landscape of suds lay out before me. And then Emily dipped herself again, her lithe body gracefully sinking underneath the hot tub. I sat on her exposed stomach, as I watched her head, mouth and eyes close, ripple underneath the water. The suds spread, filling the entirety of the hot tub.

After a long, peaceful minute, Emily's head rose again, water pouring in a great waterfall down her head into the hot tub below. Emily's mouth and eyes were closed, to keep shampoo from pouring in, until she opened her mouth, and a forceful jet of water shot in my face, nearly knocking me back.

I sputtered and spat for a bit, but Emily's arm encircled me again, and pulled me into her. Emily's hot breath soaked over me, as she gave an impassioned kiss, her tongue nearly filling my entire mouth. She breathed in and out quickly. In a mere few weeks, Emily had learned a disturbing degree of sexual deftness; when combined with her size, her forceful kiss controlled my entire world. It felt like she was nearly sucking the life out of me, my breathing forced to march with her superior, powerful hot breaths. Her wide mouth sucked at mine like a lamprey, my nose occasionally enveloped in the big girl's kisses.

"I want to kiss you as much as I can..." Emily panted, in a moment, between kisses. "Before I get too big. I want to kiss you Dickey. You gave me... the greatest gift... I could have gotten..." One hand wrapped around my butt while the other curled around my hair. I could hardly move, trapped in a vice grip of Emily.

"No more strife. No more isolation. No one will be alone. Because everyone will be with me." Emily continued, before her tongue probed back into me, wrapping mine in a sort of sticky hug. Emily's saliva continued to pour into me, forcing me to swallow it. My hands pressed against Emily's cheeks, not really pressing them in any, but just feeling her softness.

"Ehehe..." Emily laughed. "I guess I'm just big and soft, right? Soon everyone will have to deal with my big softness." She squirmed. "I can't wait until people look like ants on me. Bugs! People I can do... anything... and everything with..." her laughing was so innocent. But I knew now very well that Emily was likely going to hurt a lot of people. But my supreme selfishness continued.

"I love you so much Emily."

"Love you too," Emily giggled as I continued to kiss her.

"You know half the reason Rebecca stayed with me as long as she did was the fact I had a large rod. I don't see what the biggest girl on Earth can have a crush on me for."

"You're a pathetic pervert loser," Emily called, breaking off her kiss. "But you're MY pathetic pervert loser." Her dainty, yet oversized fingers, grip into my head softly.

A large bubble rose to the top of the hot tub at that point. I had never seen one so large, nearly half a foot across between Emily's legs. She has already blushing, but her face turned a deeper red as she looked at it. And then, it burst. Soon it was followed by another, even wider across.

"I digest everything I eat... nearly perfectly..." Emily said, an embarrassed tone in her voice. "Not entirely."

"I don't mind, Emily. It's perfectly natural, you know. I leaned back against her." Emily was still red, but her embarrassment appeared to ease a little from the tone in her voice.

"I bet I could make it impossible to breathe mister. I weigh a thousand pounds. That's from a little cute fart, a small, short one, the type you can hardly hear. I'm a thousand pounds. And growing. You better not take me lightly, you know!" Emily's eyes and mouth shut, as she

wincing a little, forcing herself, until a loud, drawn out fart echoed around me, numerous large bubbles rising between her legs.

While the bubbles were huge, and the fart loud, the smell wasn't exactly awful when the burst.

"That's all I can mange," Emily chortled. "Like I said, everything I eat just becomes more Emily. But even so, you better not take that likely..." her voice grew slightly ominous. "You better be glad I'll protect you... all too soon... I'd be able to blow a building away with that nice... cute fart. You are a pervert... fucking me, when I only started having sexual thoughts a year ago. Know what they were... when you watched me... when you thought about me being huge. Eating those bugs... I closed my eyes... and imagined they were little people... and you're gonna make that come true..." A flash of cruelty emerged in Emily's voice, dreams of her future rampage.

"I'm glad you're talented..." I sighed, splayed against Emily's stomach like a cat. I felt tired, lying on Emily's wet, vast, impossibly soft body, her breathing rocked me with every breath. I could fall asleep so easily.

And I did, drifting off, surrounded by the vast warmth of Emily, her long wet blonde hair strewn across my body, creating a haphazard blanket. Between the warmth of her hair, and the warmth of the hot-tub, I quickly fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Again, as always, comments, suggestions, as well as anything you would want to see - it's all highly appreciated.

Chapter 8

Emily's Height – 9'11 – 12'0

Emily's Weight – 1132 pounds

And now Emily stood over twice as tall as me. I had to look up to even see her crotch. The house had an open kitchen and living room (where the hot tub had been relocated to), and these areas had become Emily's main living space.

The charges on her parents' card were exceeding two-thousand dollars a day now, packages upon packages heaping up in piles in the garage. It took everything Rebecca and I had to deliver food to Emily, as she continued to eat it like a monster. Emily loved making exaggerated gasps and moans of pleasure as she ate, enough food for a small village pouring down her gullet daily. And her stomach demanding rumbled. And Emily pouted, constantly demanding more and more food.

And when Rebecca and I were opening up packages for Emily, there was another sharp rap at the door.

"Great. I KNEW we couldn't avoid this for weeks!" Rebecca cried, moving to tear her hair out.

"It's ok. It's Sara," Emily shrugged. "I fantasized a little about her about school. She's a year above me. So I wanted her to come. She always bullied me too. But I told her about your invention... and she really wants to see me. So I thought I'd have her up here."

"She lives nearby," I asked curiously.

"Nah. Eight hours. But she said she's make it up here." Emily shrugged. "She said she really wanted to see me."

Soon enough, a dark-haired girl walked through the door. She had short hair, and a rather well developed figure for her age. Breasts which looked like E-cups jutted out, and jeans were tightly pasted onto her, showed an incredible figure. The opposite of Emily's... at a much smaller scale. But I still preferred Emily's body. At least I did by now.

"No way... it's freakin true... you... you're gigantic..." Sara stuttered. The girl clearly had a young face. She can't have been too much older, puberty just had to have hit her like a train. But her legs were wobbling, as the young girl swallowed in an uncertain tone.

"Strip," Emily giggled, and commanded, immediately. "I wanted you for your looks. Not your words. You know how you always were. Why would I message you NOW..." Emily's smirk turned catlike. "But I bet you like my little young body... right..." her fingernails sliced down, expertly ripping her shirt between her breasts, even cutting Sara's bra. With one single slice she was left open.

“We’re gonna kiss and make up... and do more stuff!” Emily giggled. “And then... you’ll get out, and not tell anyone. Cause I’m gonna keep growing and growing and growing. And there’s nothing more important than me liking you. Kayyyyyy...” she drawled, as Sara hastily removed her pants and panties. The pussy left behind was sopping wet, actually quivering with excitement.

“Sometimes one isn’t enough Richard. But I have to know who I can... get without letting our little secret out. Sara’ll be safe. Hehe.” Emily leaned way, way down, and a single finger, as large as a dick, delicately slid inside Sara’s vagina, causing her to instantly quiver and mewl in arousal.

“I’m gonna need you too Dicky.” Emily whined. “I already gave you a little orgasm Sara... so I’ll use you now... out back.” She lifted her pudgy hips up, pointing down at her butt. Lay down with your legs behind my body.

“That would crush me!” I protested. But Emily just smirked down at me, followed by rolling her eyes.

“I meant Sara, Dicky. Sara.” Emily, grabbed the girl, who attempted to protest, before Emily shushed her, putting a finger to the plump lips of the more developed girl.

“You drove eight hours here to fuck me.” When Sara was silent, Emily ended up pouting. “You don’t respond, and I’ll really sit on you hard. You drove eight hours here to cuddle with little Emily, right?” Her fingers dug deep into Sara’s flesh. “You were mean enough to me when you’re little. Always making sure people on the team didn’t want to play with me. Saying I wasn’t any good. Calling me a brat. You have to make sure to kiss my cute little plump butt... if you want to live...”

“Umm... do you really have to act like this... I was only a little mean to you...” Sara said. “And nothing’s private over the Internet... if you sent this picture... even if you’re not naked in it, someone’s gonna notice how big you are...” Looking at Sara’s smart phone, I saw a picture of Emily, covered in blanket’s, laying against the couch downstairs. Emily’s body swallowed it, making the plush 800 pound piece of furniture look like a toy. And Emily had grown since then. And then Sara looked at me with a face of utter, complete disgust. I shrank back slowly under her gaze. “And Emily, are you really...?”

“Oh. You can ignore him.” Emily waved her hand dismissively. “But I suggest you play along with me if you don’t want me to just rough your tiny body off until you don’t recognize it.”

“What do you mean!?” Sara protested, stomping her foot. But Emily just stared at her, the giantess causing Sara to wither under her gaze.

“I didn’t come here to have SEX with you...” Sara’s eyes rolled to her side with a nervous smile. I wasn’t sure she was being truthful, but genuine nervousness mixed into her voice. “I just wanted to see if this was really true. That’s all.” Emily looked down at Sara with contempt, just sneering at the girl like an insect, a piercing gaze looking through Sara’s body.

“I mean I can get away with anything I want. Soon I will free people from their boring lives... give them purpose. Someone to worship. I’m bigger than in that picture. You know it. You know I’ll get much... much... much... bigger. So... you drove eight hours here to have sex with Emily!” She licked her lips, a cruel expression shining right above me. “It’s the biggest chance you’ve ever had... it can be a good thing... or something else...”

“I... I drove eight hours here to have sex with Emily...” Sara repeated, timidly. Emily’s face brightened.

“Good. So you want Emily to really overwhelm you. Make you lose your mind...” Emily flipped over Sara like a sack of potatoes, bouncing a little to position Sara’s head under her prodigious loli butt. It took only a moment for Emily’s butt to absorb Sara’s head. Soon she was entirely gone under the soft flesh.

“You’ll smother her!” I protested.

“Meeeeebbbbbeeee...” Emily whined, as the compliant girl begun to lick. I could hear slight, desperate sounds from beneath her, the result of Emily smothering the smaller girl.

“Make me lose my mind...” Sara whispered.

“That’s right. Put everything into it.” Emily whispered, her high-pitched voice maintaining her dominant strength.

“It’s weird to see you talking like that, Emily. Such a young, little girl, ordering people around. You know it really does look weird.”

Emily bounced again, and her foot slammed against the floor. It felt like the entire house was shaking. Emily’s roundish head whipped around, staring at me imperiously.

“You stared at me eating bugs. So tiny I had to carefully pinch them between my fingers. So I didn’t squish them. In weeks I’ve grown this big. Soon I’ll be big enough to eat you. So I can do whatever I want.” Emily’s arm reached across the room, wrapping around me, whipping me around like a ragdoll until I was flat against her stomach. With the same rapid movements she had used against Sara, my clothes had been shredded off. She pressed me against her stomach with an incredible strength, a hunger like a wild animal. Emily appeared satisfied to merely smash my smaller body against hers, the sheer domination alone turning her on. Her long blonde hair draped above me, her face smiled down on me, a billboard of perfection.

Even sitting down, I only came up to Emily’s chest. Emily was a thin girl for her age; even so, a bit of baby fat clung to her stomach, accentuating her softness. Emily’s waist, a foot along at a normal size, was now wider than a beanbag chair. I found myself thrusting against her bellybutton, practically being absorbed by Emily’s stomach. It growled with a predatorial bent.

“I eat more than your bodyweight every day Dicky. More than you. I’ll eat everything... this world... you really will be a speck on me.” She continued, watching my thrusts with bemusement. “Sara’s really huffing down there. It’s hard to breathe. What if she couldn’t breathe Dicky? What if she passed out? And just croaked. That’s quite possible. I’m

soooooo big... sooooo heavy....” I came at Emily’s teasing, her goading me. I continued to press against her big, plush body, as rope after rope of cum splattered against Emily.

Emily cooed and smiled.

“She’s licking me hard Dicky, but it’s already slowing down a little. My butt’s bigger than you. So big... this house looks like toys. But I’m sensitive. So much more sensitive now. I can feel her squirming... but she’s giving out. She may suffocate in a bit. OH! Oh...” Emily moaned as Sara’s efforts redoubled.

“Oh... oh... that’s right. I know you came. But that doesn’t make you stop. You’re always hard around me Dicky. I can feel the heat radiating around my body.” Emily shivered, her tongue lolling out of her mouth as she had a small orgasm. Her plush thighs surrounded me, her head pushing towards the ceiling as her plump stomach shrunk, her body adding inches in nearly an instant. Emily dwarfed the nearby couch, the sheer intimidating factor of her hugeness becoming more and more apparent. Her nipple, at the level of my mouth, shot up just a little, requiring me to stretch slightly to bite at her cork sized nub, and Emily’s nipple swelled just a little larger inside my mouth. I couldn’t think of trying to help Sara; my whole mind was observed with enjoying Emily’s flesh.

Her mind was quite sharp, but there was a childish stubbornness with her every action, with Emily movement.

“I feel good. People licking me feels good. Touching myself makes me warm. Her tongue makes my pussy warm. I’m leaking all over my parents’ rug. Soaking it. Just drenching it.” Sure enough, the floor below me was wet.

Sara gasped more, weakly, and I tried to extract myself from Emily’s nipple to warn her. She didn’t sound good. I was worried about what was going to happen to her. But Emily’s hand wrapped against me, keeping me pressed into her body. Her soft hand held me with the strongest grip I had ever experienced.

“You’re scared aren’t you. Scared that I could squish her? You have noooo idea... how big I’m gonna get. I enjoy this.”

I could hear furniture squeaking and groaning against the floor as Emily spread her legs, pushing the pathetic-sized pieces of wood aside, a couch I couldn’t even pick up brushed aside like nothing.

The smell of Emily’s sweet release grew even stronger, her pussy glistening below me.

“Her whole head’s buried in my butt...” Emily giggled. Saliva splashed onto me, as her arm squeezed into me. It was like I was entirely encased in a warm, wet cave of Emily, her release trickling against my feet, pressed against her soft, pudgy stomach, her saliva dripping on me from above.

It was not the last time I would have this feeling.

But soon Emily pushed me off of her, and I sprawled back into the floor in a heap, looking up at Emily's face, stuck between her legs. Emily stared down at me, with a mocking smirk on her face.

"Let's see how Sara's doing Dicky." She spoke in a low voice. The floor creaked slowly, heavily, as she got on her knees, leaning up off of the floor. She picked Sara off, swaddling the small body in her arms. Sara's entire face was red, and she continued to gasp. Emily stared down at her with a curious, pensive expression on her face. Her tongue stuck out, and Emily razzed, spittle flying onto Sara's prostate body.

Slowly, Emily lowered Sara's body towards me, letting me see the limp girl. One hand covered Sara's butt, while another rested under Sara's upper back. There was a slight blue tinge to Sara's skin, having become oxygen deprived in a few moments. Her breathing was slow, but slightly ragged, the result of her suffocation. Her head and upper chest were bruised, the result of being battered by Emily's butt. The blue and purple splotches covered much of Sara's body. Bitemarks were visible on her breasts, from where Emily bit her.

And yet Sara's own orgasm was visible on her crotch, her pubic hairs glistening with moisture.

"She's out! The pervert!" Emily laughed. "Only five minutes... but she's still breathing. I think I'll keep her in the basement... she looks so cute in my arms..."

"The basement!" I protested, but Emily cut me off.

"Don't think you aren't in trouble, mister. Think about what you've done? Given an experimental treatment to me, and then had SEX with me!? I'll be so big soon... I wanted to be gentle with Sara. But people are gonna die. I'll just be too big. Simple. Many people will die. And all those who want to live... are gonna HAVE to love me." Emily's leg swept me aside as she stood up. Emily had to hunch down, her blonde head appearing like the sun above me, or, rather, like an eclipse, blocking out the artificial light from above. The entire house shook with every step as Emily carried her former bully's body towards the basement. A girl who had been knocked out by just five minutes... five minutes of Emily sitting on her.

"I just want everyone to be my toy. It's the people who aren't fine with that who'll be in real trouble. And don't think I'll pay too much attention to Sara, you'll get your share Dicky~"

And I finally begun to realize what I was unleashing upon the world with Emily.

Chapter 9

Emily's Height – 12'0 – 15'2

Emily's Weight – 2277 pounds

At this point, there was very little that I could offer Emily, besides the potion itself. Following her every command, I offered Emily another dose of the nanobots, far larger than ever before. I watched, my dick twinging as she swallowed the whole mixture in a single gulp, burping loudly. Even with two people working on her full-time, the whole house had become strewn in boxes and wrappers of food. It also smelled of Emily's piss, there no longer existing a large enough container for it. But at this point, I was a complete pervert, far too gone to rebuke the young girl in the least. She effortlessly absorbed everything I fed her.

And Sara remained in the basement, brought out as well only as needed as a living sex toy.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Pictures fell from the wall, the house shaking as Emily crawled into the living room. The sturdiest frame in the house, made of solid concrete, covered by a thin layer of redwood to provide a distinguished girl. Emily, crawling through the frame, over three feet in width, made it appear pathetically small. Her hands were nearly as large as tables, exploring the floor – she could no longer stand at all. She smiled, inspecting me, as she marched into the living room. Emily... now weighing over a solid ton.

She maneuvered her thin shoulders through with ease. And the rest of her body followed through. Until, with a lurch, Emily no longer could move forward. The first lurch was followed by another. Emily groaned and grunted with frustration, followed by her surging forward again. She moved forward several inches, but her hips groaned against the walls of the doorway, becoming more stuck than before.

Again, she lurched forward. And, again, the walls refused to budge. Soon it was clear... Emily's hips, her prodigious, soft flesh, absolutely caught in the narrow (to her) doorway.

Her butt did not flare out much – but I suppose her hips were large for her age – certainly more developed than her flat chest. But at her scale, it was enough to keep her from fitting through an entire door way.

“Phhhbbttt...” Emily cracked up, laughing, sticking her tongue out and razzing, mocking me. “Looks like I’m stuck, Dicky. Welppp... I’m helpless, what are you going to do!?” Emily continued to laugh. “You can take advantage of me now! All you want!”

“You... you... you... are stuck...” I muttered. I begun to laugh a little, almost like a madman. “You grew THIS big... it’s been ten weeks... and you can’t fit through a doorway! WOW!!! You’re... this is not going to ever stop. Is it?”

“No Dicky... I thought that was clear...” Emily pouted. “You were a pervert. After a young, HELPLESS, DEFENSELESS girl like me. And you’re going to change the world. Permanently. Because... I’ll be the world!” Emily giggled with a brash, self-assured tone, sticking her tongue in her cheek.

“You seem pretty confident that nobody will attempt to hurt you...” I attempted to sound rational – like the wise, calm scientist, in front of this overgrown brat, stuck in the doorway in front of me, filling up the vision in my immediate view.

Emily flipped her blonde hair side to side, fidgeting as she stared at me.

“You know I’ll get anything I want...” she rolled her eyes cutely. “Enough perverts like you. Enough pushovers. And I’ll get away with anything. And everything. And those who embrace me will be the ones most likely to survive me. They’ll be happier for it. Kissing my butt.” Her roundish face beamed in front of me, as she pulled me in closer.

“You’ll be HURT, Emily! Maybe KILLED. If people know what’s happening with you... how big you’ll get, they’ll do anything to stop you! All I’ve done is put you in danger!”

“I’ll be too big soon. I’ll always make sure you’re safe... you’re like my b...brother... or maybe... I l...love you...” Emily stuttered, her billboard-sized face growing red in front of me. “It’s... stupid... you know that.” Giddiness and fear rang out in Emily’s childish voice, the girl gripped by basic fears, even as she filled the room. Every movement against the door caused the entire house to shake and groan, her knees ringing strong against the floor. And the smell of Emily’s sweat and musk were the only scents I could smell for the past days and weeks. Next to Emily, embraced by her, they were stronger than ever.

I was nothing more than a pervert. My life. Other people’s lives. My dignity.

“Emily... I...” but Emily interrupted. Even crawling, her head was even with mine; and her tongue snuck out, licking my entire face like a dog. Her hot breath washed over me, and soon my entire face was covered in a thin layer of Emily’s saliva.

“You’re becoming my world Emily...” I spoke sincerely. “You’re so... overwhelming. You really... are something special...” And Emily pulled me in, her large tongue effortlessly filling up my entire mouth, taking my breath away as she passionately kissed me. Her hands wrapped around my body, keeping my chest and head all pressed against her large head. I embraced it, feeling my hands sink into her hair as I wrapped my arms around her head as best I could. I wasn’t even able to reach my hands around Emily’s head alone.

“I promise... you’ll be taken care of... when everyone has to walk on me... so you’re gonna do me a favor. Record me, Dicky.” I tried to separate myself from Emily, in a slight panic at that moment. Record her? A naked, 12-year old girl? What was she possibly thinking?

“Um... I don’t think... I should really do that right now.” Emily rolled her eyes, resting her elbow on the floor, staring at me like I was an absolute idiot.

“Phew, you’re dumb. Everyone’s gonna want to know what their world looks like, Dicky? Don’t you understand I’ll be so big you’ll have to use a satellite to get a good look at me.”

“Um...” I stammered. “I just think I could get in trouble,” I responded lamely.

“You’re already in trouble, Dicky. Me growing is the only way you get outta it. Sorry.” Her cat like smile grew wider, staring right through me. “You’ve been fucking me every single day, your big dick looking smaller... and smaller... and smaller against my great big body. Swallowed by my 12-year old butt. My 12-year old pussy. Butt...” she wriggled her butt a little. The walls groaned, but they remained firmly in place.

Getting a closer look, I saw that her butt was firmly sandwiched between the firm walls, the stone pressing her flesh in, sandwiching it so firmly, it appeared next to impossible for Emily to extricate herself. Her several-foot wide butt filled up the entire width, not a millimeter gap present. But, as Emily wriggled, it felt like the entire house groaned slightly.

“No...” Emily whispered. “Soon I’ll be too big. People will find us out, Dicky. And they will know... I threaten their boring lives. Those who don’t adore me... will be squashed... like bugs... so many... gone... that’s what YOU are doing Dicky... hehehe...” Emily’s laugh carried a carefree, yet menacing tone. “I don’t know if I’ll let people keep phones. Too distracting from me... but... you can use yours.”

Nerously, I grabbed my phone from the other room, and I begun to record Emily in a forbidden act. This girl who was in control of my life. Her unbelievable size appeared on the screen before me. I felt like a forbidden voyeur as I caught the spoiled, pouting girl in my view. Her parents had given her everything she wanted from a young age; but for the greedy Emily, it was not nearly enough to live the life of a rich girl. She demanded the life of a goddess. And I was giving it to her.

Emily posed for the camera, smiling and winking even as she was trapped in the door. She stared cutely at the camera, as I captured footage that would take on a priceless value in humanity’s future history.

And, at that moment, Rebecca walked in. She looked over at Emily and I with a sour, yet resigned expression. My ex-girlfriend sighed, slowly, palming her head. Finally, reluctantly, she begun to strip.

“It looks like he’s been holding that camera for forever. C’mon, Emily, you have enough footage.” Rebecca gripped her panties in her fingers, slipping them down gradually. Soon, they were off altogether. Rebecca looked at Emily expectantly.

“I sat there like a voyeur, literally slipping into the back while you use my dorky ex and that cheerleader. Don’t really want that anymore. I would consider it a good “not telling everyone early fee” if you could use that tongue of yours.

“Use that tongue of mine?” Emily replied, turning her head away from me for a moment. “I don’t see how you can boss me around?” She was curious. But Rebecca turned red, as she looked back at Emily. Rebecca was dripping with arousal, far more than I had ever seen it before. It was going in a trickle, down towards the floor.

“C’mon... you’ll have fun...” Rebecca stammered out, panting with arousal. “You know how much I’m aching for you.” Rebecca turned more and more red, beyond the color of a beet,

filled with embarrassment at how much this twelve year old girl dominated her mind. And Emily smiled slightly, licking her lips.

“Kay... just walk up to my big head. Like I said, I’m sticky wucky...” she said, cutesy, in her high-pitched voice. “You can go out back Dicky. Maybe you can help push me out. Or you can take advantage of this poor innocent girl. Whatever floats your boat.”

Of course, getting to her back was easier said than done. It was a two-story home, but there was no other way around to the rooms behind Emily’s prodigious butt. It took up half of the door vertically, standing several feet high! Even though Emily’s butt was far more developed than her breasts, going through the throes of puberty, there was still some room left, room to crawl around her. So I did, Emily letting me get on her back. It was obvious that I didn’t weigh much at all – Emily expressed not the least bit of discomfort as I rested my entire weight on her body. I had to crawl UP Emily’s body quite literally; she giggled as I climbed over this little girl. Already, she was beginning to look like a landscape. I climbed up to the lowest possible spot, the purchase of the small of her back. Heaving myself up, I steadily crawled up Emily’s butt, my hands sinking into the soft flesh of the young girl. I had to be careful to keep my head from hitting the top of the doorway, Emily’s ass taking up as much room as possible. But soon, triumphantly, I reached the top, and I found another problem.

It was several feet to get down from Emily’s butt to her legs below.

“My butt’s REALLY stuck Dicky. I think you’ll have to find a way to get down on your own. I can’t lower it...” Emily giggled, naughtily. It was a primal urge; to thrust inside this young, bratty girl. And she knew how much this compelled me. So I roughly hurled myself forward, my hands gripped against Emily’s vast butt cheeks, hands splayed forward to absorb as much of the fall as I could.

“Oof...” I felt the breath knocked out of me as I fell roughly against Emily’s legs, as soft as they were, and then rolled onto the floor between them. And I stood up, with my goal in sight, but I ran into another problem!

Emily was crawling, and I was standing. Yet this titanic little girl’s butt was too high up in the air! Almost silently, Emily giggled, acknowledging my predicament.

“My parents will soon notice their thousands and thousands of dollars... enough for a village, just on food. Where did it go? To me. I’m so... so... big now... but I’ll help you. And your girlfriend’s impatient for me to service her. So I’ll press my legs together... and you can stand on them. Kay?” I wanted to talk back to Emily’s sass, but I loved her so much. I wondered – when would that love turn to worship, as she continued to grow? Was it already?

But I followed Emily’s commands, clambering up on the legs of the young girl. As thin as her lower legs were, they were still over a foot tall, still enough room that her glistening folds were within reach, just very slightly higher than I would have liked.

“Put it in... I wanna play Dicky!” Emily suddenly commanded, with full force.

The comparison between us had become insane. At fifteen feet in height, her butt was over two and a half feet wide, and I wrapped my arms around her flesh, squeezing her mass, but I

couldn't come close to wrapping my hands around her.

My dick was my pride. Thirteen inches long, enough to hardly even fit inside Rebecca. And now, before this butt, it looked tiny. It was not even difficult in the least to slip it inside of Emily. Her vagina easily accepted my girth, her drooling liquids hugging my shaft. It felt so soft, slippery, smooth inside of her, and my dick tingled with sensations of bliss from the very moment I entered her.

"Guess I can service Rebecca now..." Emily made slurping noises, as, on the other side of the door, she begun to suck and lick Rebecca. Her tongue now had to have been as long as my dick. I instantly heard screams of bliss from Rebecca, as she was effortlessly dominated and pleased by Emily.

Slurp. Slurp. Sluuurrrrrppppp. The exaggerated moans coming from Rebecca intensified with Emily's movements. The surface of her legs shifted with Emily's every movement, but I thrust forward, throwing myself against Emily's flesh with abandon.

Her soft butt absorbed my every movement like a great shock absorber. And I could feel my pleasure mounting, ascending beyond the point of no return as I kept driving myself forward. Emily's butt rose from my knees to my chest, and I crashed my entire body against her with full force. Emily, so much stronger than me, merely accepted, giggling, as I fucked her from behind with every ounce of my strength.

I tried my best to pleasure her as well – my right hand snaked down from Emily's ass to join my dick inside her, the wet folds instantly sucking my hand in. Looking down, I marveled at the sheer spectacle of Emily's pussy; the wet folds absorbed my hand, and much of my arm, as easily as my dick. Squeezing around my hand, my cock, Emily greedily devoured everything I had to offer in her wet cave.

Nearly instantly, I came. It couldn't have taken long at all, but I begun to spurt forward, my chest falling against her butt, as I spent everything I had against her. But I kept going.

Finally, my left hand snaked down.

The smell of Emily's sex was almost absurdly strong. Filling the room with her sweet scent. But it grew stronger as I snaked my left hand in, absorbed like all the rest... the walls of her pussy stretched to accommodate all I had to offer, my dick, both my arms. It was difficult to balance; my legs were shaking. But I used Emily to balance myself, throwing myself forward against her butt, letting me fall against it with every thrust.

"AAH!" Emily yelped, as I gave Emily everything I had. The young girl's body shuddered. Damn it, I wanted to pleasure her for once. But soon she returned to pleasuring Rebecca, my ex slightly quieter since she screamed in orgasm. But Emily's smell was strong, she was close.

Again and again, I hurled myself forward. My arms were soaked, my dick was soaked, with Emily's cum. Her scent was overpowering. I was close to release again... but before I could, Emily's body turned completely rigid, frozen in space for a moment. It felt like it lasted for

minutes, this strange stillness, surrounded by Emily's scent. But in this spare moment, I kept fingering her, kept thrusting against her, building the peak of this gigantic girl's arousal.

"H... Hey... aaa.... Aaaaahhh... ooohhhhh..." Emily moaned. "Not I you too... don't sneak down to my nippleeee.... Beccaaaa..." I had not heard Emily nickname her before.

And I kept thrusting, Emily's orgasm building.

"OOooooooooOOOoo.... Ahh... ahh..." The house shook, as Emily's butt thrust back against mine, harder than ever. With a sudden movement, I tried to extricate my hands from her shaft to hold on, but her pussy sucked harder against me, holding my arms in with a vice grip. In that moment, I felt terrified. Emily's body roughly pushed me back and forth, keeping me held against her as she entered the throes of orgasm. I was at her mercy entirely.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!" Emily's orgasm begun to peak, her fluids splashing against my stomach, my thighs, my legs, all coated in her cum, as her folds sucked me in. Emily lifted off of Rebecca, arching up in the air with a cry that felt it could be heard for miles, ear-splitting loud, the cry of the overgrown, oversexed young girl echoing all around me.

Finally, unceremoniously, Emily threw me off, her butt knocking my whole body back, as she continued to roar in orgasm. Even as I flew back, in a slick, sticky stream of her thick juices, Emily kept thrusting back and forth against a now invisible dick, the cracks in the walls around her turning to thick gaps. And, finally, the walls caved in, the doorway falling apart in a hail of stone, Emily's orgasm too much for the structure. And Emily's thrusts finally dissipated.

"Hah... Ahh... oh..." Emily moaned. Next to me, her right foot twitched, toes curling, riding out her orgasm. And Emily was finally unstuck. Surrounded by stones and a cloud of plaster. All around me, the floor was soaked in her cum.

"DICK... Y..." Emily spoke with an ominous tone, her voice enunciating the word slowly, toying with her pet name for me. "BECK... Y..." Emily continued, and the ominous feeling grew stronger...

"Y... yes..." I stammered, looking forward to Emily's gigantic butt, now laying flat on the floor.

"That was kinda loud, wasn't it? People'll know. They might come by soon..." Emily begun to sit up, her hands pressing against the floor, as she adjusted herself into a seating position. Soon, Emily was sitting straight up, taller than me, far taller, even in this position. My head didn't even rise to the level of her nipples, now standing fully erect, several inches long. Her areola were now the size of plates, sitting on her undeveloped, yet, in a sense, now huge A-cup breasts. But I was on the level of her stomach, now imperiously rumbling, whining with hunger.

"My parents gave me whatever I wanted..." Emily sniffed, looking at my soaked body, hair pasted to my scalp from lying in her pool of release. "I had the nicest clothes, the nicest house, the most expensive clothes, lessons..." she looked at her fingernails, inspecting them.

“You’re my cousin. From a poorer branch of the family. A wimp. Short. A pushover. Looking at you... like a doll... that’s how you should look... and soon you’ll be living on me. Everyone will be. Everyone that’s still alive. I’ll give people a purpose. Something to worship. And I’ll end the artificial escapes people use with technology... because I will be a REAL escape... my body... my pheromones... will be inescapable.”

“Emily....” Rebecca and I both stammered. I didn’t want to know where she was going.

“But... I kinda love this pushover... so you’re very... VERY lucky... because you’ll live... and live in bliss... protected by me. Surrounded by my scent... soon I’ll be too big. You won’t have an effect on me at all... but if you are THIS impudent...” her hands wrapped around my entire body, her breath blowing against me with the strength of a furnace... “you have to understand... I’m a brat, right? I get what I want... and I want MORE... of that... before you’re too little. Before I can no longer get it... sooooo... I’m... gonna... get... on... top... DICK-Y.”

“You can’t!” I protested... “I’ll be crushed!!!” But my protests were only met by giggles, Emily laughing at my helplessness.

“Figure it out, Dicky. It’s your fault I’m this big anyway...” Emily mocked, as she threw the cushions off of the couch onto the floor, creating only a thin, soft layer. Like a sack of potatoes, her arms slipped under my body, and threw me roughly onto it. Before me, Emily fell onto her knees, kneeling above me.

“Cowgirl???” I protested.

“Nooooo... I’m just gonna lay on top of ya!” Emily crowed, triumphantly, before falling forward, instantly bathing my world in darkness.

Her stomach had just a bit of baby-fat. Emily’s belly was soft. Supposed to be. But this soft weight was the heaviest thing I had ever felt. It was like my body was being compressed in a trash compactor, as Emily’s full weight bore on me. As if by sheer dominance alone, Emily’s juices dripped over my shaft, showing she was still turned on. It couldn’t be by my efforts... I couldn’t even move an inch.

“Rebecca... you will lick my butt... deep in there. Like, sticking your head up my butt deep. I need both of you to feel this good...” Emily commanded roughly. She knew she owned us. I was her friend, her babysitter, but also her toy. With which she could do as she pleased. Her voice rumbled around me. And her constantly hungry stomach massaged my entire body, rumbling against me. I was mashed against the cushions by Emily’s overwhelming body, love-pressing me out of existence... or at least that’s what it felt like.

And then she begun to move. Up. Down. Up. Down.

Emily’s body, my entire world, bucked against me. Sometimes my dick would slide in and out of her, and, sometimes, as if stuck to her, my entire body would rise with her as she moved up. But, every time, Emily inevitably slammed down, pressing me against the floor. It quickly grew hot underneath her, but it took a moment for the true depths of Emily’s brattiness to finally be realized.

She had snuck in the upstairs blankets! From every bed! Emily had covered herself, forming a sort of canopy all around me. The oxygen in the very air felt lower, and, covered in blankets, her body rapidly moving, she grew hot. And, as Emily grew hot, she grew sweaty... and then sticky. I was practically stuck against the massive, dominant brat, entirely helpless at her mercy. Sweat flowed against me, around me. Thirsty, I licked at some of it, tasting Emily's salty sweat, laden with pheromones. But it did little to ease her growing thirst.

And yet I came again, spraying my cum, draining much of my precious liquids, into her overwhelming cunt. But Emily kept me in her vice grip, sucking my dick into her... I remained fully hard.

It was completely dark around me, and yet I could sort of see the overwhelming stomach, pressing against me, overwhelming me. The heat grew from oppressive to nearly unbearable. Covered by Emily, in turn covered by blankets... it felt like it was a hundred degrees.

"Ooh... hehe... ahhhhhhh..." Emily kept moaning in pleasure. Somewhere, far above, I could make out the sound of Rebecca's arms, both of them, being sucked into Emily's hungry butthole. Both of us were being used at full force for Emily's pleasure. And her juices continued to flow over my crotch, flooding the blanket beneath me. I was surrounded by Emily's liquid, her sweat, her cum, yet I was so, infinitely thirsty, even as I drowned in her pleasure!

And then her thrusts grew more intense. A deep ache begun to form in my loins, spent, as I remained hard. And this ache spread through my thighs, sore to my bones from Emily's pounding. But she kept mercilessly loving me, affectionately cooing even as she bruised and battered my entire body.

"You were ALWAYS a weird babysitter. This is EN-TI-RE-LY inappropriate..." Emily admonished, as her thrusts intensified. "But you were never gonna do a THING if I didn't start it. You were always a pushover too. Weak. Of course I knew... once you could make something giant... I had only to ask, to beg... to demand... and now... I will rule everything... everyone worship me!" But then Emily quit speaking, her thrusts continuing apace, as she breathed heavily, her entire body massaging, dominating, adoring, controlling, and sticking to me. And I couldn't say a thing, helpless beneath her.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" Emily came again, soaking me along with the blankets. Her hips ground me into dust underneath her. Pound. Pound. Pound, faster, faster, faster. Emily's smell. Her SMELL, her scent, fuck... this little girl! So... cute... dominant... sexy!!!! I couldn't take it!!! Not one bit!!! Everything was Emily! Everything!

And then she KEPT GOING.

Desperately, I licked her sweat. Lightheaded. Distant. I barely felt her hips. Battered, pounded. Skinny. Emily was skinny. But the folds of that fat in her stomach... heavily bounced against me, battering me, slapping me. Moving. Moving. Moving. It grew hotter. Sweatier. Smellier. Trapped. Emily. Emily.

I think I came again. Emily didn't stop. Her moans rang in my ears. Heavy. Heavy. I kept licking her sweat. And it grew hotter. Yet again.

Hard... I was hard... her folds massaged me. Trembling. Wet... sticky... sticky... sticky... god she was horny. Horny? How was Emily so fucking horny at her age??? I felt another orgasm. Nothing came. There was nothing left to give.

Never been so hot... ever... ever... Emily moaned around me. It grew even darker. I licked, hoping for any moisture at all... living under this horny brat... on her sweat... like a bug. A bug that she could just...

“Eat... I’ll be able to eat ya... ahhh... ohhh.... Hehehe...” Emily’s laughter rang around me... “I bet it feels like you’re inside me RIGHT now... oooooohh... But I’ll protect you Dicky... others... there will be others that aren’t so lucky... ha... ha... oooooohhhhh... oooo...”

Emily’s moaning filled my entire world, as everything grew dark, trapped beneath Emily’s stomach, admiring her overwhelming scent.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I think I have a good idea of where this story is going, but I would really love any suggestions! As long as they aren't completely out of tone, I will try to work in any suggestions for the story, or any kinks that you wanted to work in, perverted things/acts you wanted to see Emily do, etc!! I'm not even entirely against adding scenes to past chapters, if you wanted to see something Emily could only do if she was a little bit smaller. Remember that I will read every comment, and there is a very, very good chance that your suggestions will end up in the story!

I appreciate reviews as well! I really want to hear from you!

Emily's Height – 15'2 – 19'8y

Emily's weight – 9,028 pounds

The cracks were visible everywhere. Emily was beginning to bring the whole house down. They spread, like spiderwebs, throughout the entirety of the structure. Everywhere I looked, there were signs of growing dominance Emily exerted over her childhood home. A fear was beginning to grow within me, that I'd be walking, and the house would suddenly cave in on me.

The garage was filled with thousands upon thousands of packages, pre-prepared food. Rebecca and I spent most our time lifting, opening, giving to the maw of Emily. She ate it all...

I always knew when Emily moved. Because everything shook. The house shook, even down to the foundations. She could no longer stand, anywhere. In much of the house, her head came close to the ceiling, even while sitting down. This house, formerly nice as it was, begun to fall around Emily's presence.

Emily's scent was just as demanding. It filled every pore of the house. Recirculated, the smells of her sweat, her pheromones, overwhelmed everything else. Even all of the food we had to buy for this growing, lovely brat was unnoticeable. There was only Emily.

And there she was, in front of me, eating through dozens of containers, of chocolate, a mere treat for the goliath brat, my Emily. Her mouth was sticky, and her tongue probed, expertly swallowing every single gram of the chocolate.

She kept me next to her most the time, as a sort of security blanket, or maybe even a security doll. I sat next to Emily, or rather Emily's butt, snuggled against her hips, thighs, and ass. Her

soft body radiated warmth, and exuded her pheromones. Her thighs, once six inches tall, now stood at over two feet in height. Sitting down, I was around three feet tall... to put in simply, her leg nearly came up to my shoulder. And her thighs clearly weighed more than my entire body. This morning in particular, my arms were sore from taking in the packages of food. So Rebecca and I rested, nuzzled against Emily's thighs as she continued to feast, possessed by a burning desire to grow bigger. The deliverymen asked questions... why were we purchasing all this? And my answers grew lamer, day after day.

So I wasn't really surprised when a stern voice emerged from the door, with a loud knock, like a battering ram!

"Open up. This is a welfare check... open up now... we need to talk with you!" It sounded like an officer, and he caught us when Rebecca was in as well. Somehow, at least I thought, no one had noticed the missing nanobots... we were good at managing the lab. But soon I would be disabused of that notion.

"But things were always going to be dicey on this end..." Rebecca sighed, reluctantly getting off of Emily's leg, beginning to put clothes on.

"There's no clothes on Earth that can fit Emily! She's the main one who needs to be dressed!" I protested. Emily agreed, shrugging nonchalantly, before burping, a sound so loud, the police outside had to have heard quickly.

"Let me do the talking, Dicky," Emily finally spoke, her voice far louder by virtue of her increased size. "Come in, officer!" She chirped, so loud people had to have heard for miles. And then, in that moment, the door opened. Despite my (accurate) observation, I was a hypocrite, and clothed every bit as well as Rebecca.

But that did nothing to stop the gigantic form of Emily, her head brushing the ceiling, being the first thing to greet the police as they opened up the door. Completely naked, sweaty, smelly in her own way, having not bathed for some time, a treat to overload the senses.

"W... wh... WHAT THE HELL!!!" while many officers were not exactly fit, this member of the local police had a jarhead look, appearing to have hit the gym and the steroids. Yet he stepped back apprehensively, appearing terrified of the girl before him... but soon he slapped himself, collecting himself... looking at Rebecca... and me.

"E... Emily's parents sent me..." the officer swallowed. "And your advisor. There were noise complaints around here... and you're neighbors ain't that close. EMILY'S voice... and your experiment. You've been making it... without... christ... whatever sick fetish you have... you... you're under arrest. Immediately." The officer finally finished, collecting himself, getting some handcuffs out, heading towards me.

But he was stopped by a gigantic hand of a young girl, covering his entire chest.

"I WANTED to be bigger..." Emily spoke, menacingly. "You'll soon learn... I GET what I want... don't take a step further..." nervously, he fished for his tazer for a moment, before sighing, looking up at the body of my charge, looming over him.

“Maybe YOU did... but that doesn’t change a thing that these people have committed crimes. Besides... YOU may not be thinking about it, but you’re never going to be able to live a normal life now! You’ve got to be over ten feet tall! Have you thought about what you’re gonna do for the rest of your life!” But Emily’s hand dug into his uniform, as she remained cool and collected.

“I will be loved... worshipped... adored... like a GODDESS...” she spoke, quietly, so quietly she couldn’t be heard outside, in her same cutesy, high-pitched, voice of a 12-year old girl. “Like I’ve always dreamed... and I’m going to continue to grow... I can feel it working... they are part of me. Reproduce inside of me... it can’t be stopped...” Emily stared down at the cop, feeling dominance rushing through her. Her thin lips formed into a cruel smirk, her button nose pointed down at him, her wide, blue, bright eyes narrowed, an imperious look stuck upon her face.

“I will have to reveal myself soon. But... I am afraid I wanted more time alone. You know that I would hurt you if you wanted to mess with me right now. You know I’m FAR stronger than you.” But Emily’s voice lost her tone as two other people rounded the corner.

Emily’s mom. And my professor.

Her mom had similar blonde hair as Emily, a developed figure, with the same striking blue eyes. Her face was only beginning to show the first signs of aging. Dr. Thomas Walker, my professor, was significantly older, wearing a full mustache, with silver streaks in his hair. They both cleared their throats as they looked over at me. Full looks of disgust were in their faces, deeper than they had ever seen.

I wanted to slink back, but Emily glared at me in turn, which spurred me to walk forward.

“There’s been a development with the nanomachines...” I begun, but I was immediately interrupted.

“NOT. ONE. WORD,” Dr. Walker, my supervisor, my boss, my source of income. “I’m not saying one word to you.” You have got to understand how grave this situation is... all because you... and Rebecca too... are... he nearly ripped his head out, staring at the gigantic Emily.

“Hey... I didn’t think it would do all this...” Emily remarked, leaning back against the wall of the open kitchen, looking down at her mother with some curiosity. “When you say a grave situation, what do you mean?” She pouted slightly, Emily twiddling her fingers, feigning an act of innocence. “I just got myself in serious trouble. I uploaded some pictures of me. People know I’m here... so... I get I’m in a whole lot of trouble... but I just want to make sure I’m not taken to some... b... black site or something and experimented on... by strangers...” Emily, buck naked and turned on, but on a ridiculous act of innocence. But it seemed to have an effect on her mother. But the officer, who had just been picked up by Emily, continued to glare at her.

“We HAVE to mess with you some more... who knows what the effects of you taking this device into your system... for weeks on end!? We don’t know what could happen!! And I doubt my idiot students told you what could happen!!” Thomas continued.

“C’mon... you have to know that this is a strange thing to have happen!” Emily’s mom continued, chiding her daughter. “You need to listen to your parents!!! Your father’s very concerned too!” Her body glistened in the sunlight, shining through the windows. But her words didn’t match her tone in the least, as Emily kept up her act of feigned innocence.

“Do you see it...” Emily giggled. “I am soooooooooo... very.... Very... BIG! It’s really just so awesome! It feels like everything’s a toy!!!” Emily looked around at everyone. “And you look like dolls. And I could pick you up like dolls. Mommy... I want to play with you... your really a cute doll...” she continued in a controlled voice.

“She spoke about being unstoppable inside the house when she assumed she was under arrest. That there were more officers around, instead of her mom...” The officer interrupted.

“What do you mean!” Emily’s mom interrupted. “She’s a good girl!” I had always seen Emily be spoiled by everyone in her life, including her mom, including her dad, including me. With her mind now enhanced by these nanobots, Emily didn’t appear that much different. She was a spoiled, precocious girl, who simply wanted everything. But, her only child, her mom continued to defend the rich, gigantic brat.

“She sounded mad with power! And the whole place smells like her... I don’t even want to say it, at her age. What these two did is a major crime... but we need to make sure this girl is under heavy supervision.” The officer retorted.

Emily responded by spreading her legs out in front of her own mother, revealing her own nakedness. And her fingers snuck in between her legs. Emily didn’t even have a smile on her face... the expression on the young girl was pouting... stern. But her face grew red, even with her dour expression. Emily begun to masturbate in front of the people watching.

“I can guess what you mean by the place smelling like me, officer...” Emily’s voice carried a whining tone, betraying her immaturity, as her voice grew louder than before. “W... when I discovered masturbation... as I grew bigger, just over the past few weeks...” Emily lied. “I wanted to be bigger. Your little students here made that possible. You know? It’s just... kinda cool.”

I wanted to interrupt what was going on. But I didn’t even know what to say. This scene was surreal; a twelve year old girl, the size of a small building, taking up the entire kitchen, masturbating before the assortment of tiny people before her. The lily-pink folds parted, I looked from above the massive flesh wall of her leg with fascination as she played with herself. Cooing and aahing emerged from above us, far louder than us tiny, insignificant people laying around her.

“Mom, you know what I think...” Emily whined, even as she fingered herself.

“W... what!? You HAVE to know that this isn’t inappropriate in the least, young girl! We’ve always given you everything you’ve ever wanted! I...”

“I think it’s not been that bad. You can’t be too hard on these two people...” Emily said, coyly, her eyes darting to the corners of their whites, her face red with embarrassment. “I really... kinda told them I wanted to grow, ok? I mean, with Richard... I really, really told

him I HAD to grow. I think a lot of people would think it's really, REALLY cool to grow this big. And I have a girl locked up in the basement. I keep her fed and stuff, but I take her out whenever I need someone's head buried in this... cunny... it's always so hot... I have to touch it..." Emily sighed, her hands slowly leaving her vagina, a heavy, thick string of cum connecting her finger with her pussy. Slowly, ominously, she reached them towards her own mom, her hands still cum-soaked, sticky. That way, they wrapped around her, heaving her mom towards her face.

"WHAT THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING YOUNG LADY!?" Emily's mom screamed, her voice shrill.

"Alice..." Emily referred to her mom by her first name in a soft, innocent voice. And Alice's clothes quickly became soaked, wet, dripping, all from Emily's cum, when the young girl had not even reached climax. I watched the whole scene from below, but the smell was overpowering, and I could see Alice's hair blow back from her daughter's breath, steadily washing over her mother.

"I... uh... put me down... Emily... put me down. Now!" Emily's mom tried to speak sternly, but there was no effecting the girl.

"I weigh several TONS now. I eat enough for a village every day. Because I WANT to. And that's all. This was MY idea. All my cousin did was provide me the means. You know that." Emily said in a tired, hesitant voice, her innocence fleeing for a moment. Emily continued to stare down her own mother. There was a certain determination in Emily's every word. She wasn't gonna be stopped. Not by anyone.

"So what DO you plan to do..." Dr. Walker finally interrupted. He looked back and forth, eyeing up the titanic girl. "Because I suggest that you go to a research lab. And get checked out. Because, at some point, people are going to MAKE you get checked out. You cannot just keep growing forever. I know you're young, but you have to know this. People are going to start asking questions. Like why is there a gigantic girl walking around everywhere..." The dour expression on Emily's face grew stronger.

"Mommy... can you just tell me what you're covered in..." Emily spoke sweetly, the spoiled, dour, angry expression covering her face, full innocence creeping back into her voice. "Why are you all wet... and sticky..." Alice was silent, not saying a thing. "Say something, mommy. Why are you quiet... MOM-MY!" She spoke much louder, nearly a shout, spittle flying into her face. "Why are you so helpless... "MOM!!!" Her shout could be heard for blocks. I'm sure everyone had to hear her. But I wasn't exactly sure what her plan was. Emily just sat there... occupying the entire kitchen.

"I want you to live with me." Emily commanded, breaking the silence everyone else showed. "I want you to understand... no matter how weird this is. How perverted this is... this is me. My choice. Not Richard's... not Rebecca's either. Ok?" Alice nodded, at this point completely soaked in her juices.

"I'm standing here between your legs. I am barely taller than your thigh..." Dr. Thomas sighed. "You are a young girl. This must feel very empowering for you... but you are coming

with US! The police are nearby... we can MAKE you go!” His voice turned gruff, shrill, as he begun to command Emily. He refused to look at Rebecca and I.

“It is NOT JUST empowering. It is sensual. Sexy. It turns me on...” Emily’s eyes continued to dart between all of us, assessing the situation.

“You don’t get it. We can MAKE you come back. You cannot keep growing forever! You never could!!!” Dr. Walker was obviously done with this conversation, as he took a cell phone to his ear. “Yeah, we found the source of the noise complaints... it’s an oversized brat here. You probably need to come on in.”

“Kay.....” Emily shrugged, looking down at everyone. “But I won’t come WITH you... I let your people work on me... inspect me, work on my growth... and these little perverts get to stay with me... I need a bigger place anyway.”

“Absolutely NO WAY!!!” Alice found her voice. “These two perverts have molested you, taught you bad ideas!!! Screwed with you!!!”

“Trust me...” Rebecca sighed, red-faced, her eyes darting slyly upwards, a look of embarrassment on her face. “This girl molested me. Really. She... can be pretty overpowering. Persuasive. Ten times bigger than me. That makes her... forceful... you know? I... I’m going to jail, aren’t I?” Rebecca slunk back, embarrassed, no longer saying a thing. But Emily toyed with her mother’s body, squeezing her more forcefully. And Emily’s mom yelped in pain.

“I don’t want to hurt you right here... but I can. Squeeze you really... really... tight...” Emily brought her mom, nearly up to her lips... “until you go... pop.” Emily kissed her mom on the forehead, giggling. And the smell of her pheromones, her arousal, grew stronger in the air that very moment. It was almost like I was wading in Emily’s pheromones. “But I would never do that to you. But... other people... wellllllll...”

“Fine. We’ll use the hangar. Put your mother down. Now...” Dr. Walker chided. Like she was caught with her hand in the cookie jar, Emily slowly sat the scared form of her mother down on the ground. Slowly, she backed away, scared. Trembling. She swallowed. And Emily looked at us, nervously.

“I can help work on a formula to reverse it...” Emily death-stared me, causing me to instantly reel back... when you’re barely taller than her pudgy thighs, she could be intimidating.

“We don’t exactly want YOUR help.” Dr. Walker responded.

“So it’s all good... alright?” Emily swallowed again, nervously. “Remember... I’m taking these two with me. They’re living with me. You’re not taking them... and you can work on reversing it.”

I swallowed. I didn’t even know if it was possible to STOP Emily’s growth. Reversing it was clearly out of the question. And Emily knew that perfectly well; her assent to my professor’s

demands was 100% fake.

Emily stared at each and every person before her, as a way of asserting dominance, taking control back of the situation. “Back up. The front door’s too small for me.” We all obeyed the young girl, her messy blonde head appeared in the doorway, filling most of it up entirely, stuffed to the brim. Her blue eyes, wide as saucers, looked out into the sunlight. And then, her hands gripped the sides, and tensed up in one moment, pulling.

The doorway fell away.

Along with most of the house.

Dust rose up in the air, as the house fell away with a great crash. The entire structure itself groaned, moaning, until, finally, she pulled herself out. And then she was standing, in the sunlight of the front porch. Emily was as tall as the two-story house. Her eyes were level with the second window, the top of her head level with the roof. The toes on her feet wriggled.

“I haven’t been outside in a while.” Emily sighed, her hands pressing against the spot where her back stops and her butt begins, cracking her back. Her true size was terrifyingly apparent. Standing next to her, I was next to my charge’s knees. The girl I used to pick up and cradle, was now the size of a 16-wheeler.

“Airport’s down the street, right?” Emily talked. “I’ll walk. Oh. And I’ll keep these people, just in case you try anything.” Emily’s hands wrapped around Rebecca and I, picking us up over a dozen feet in the air. And soon she was cradling both of us, carrying us together like a sack of potatoes. My head was next to Emily’s painfully hard nipple, half the size of her head. As small as her breasts were, I would myself tempted to cradle against her boob like a water-bed.

“I know you find this exhausting... but please... you’ve always been such an angel... I hate seeing you like this now... just promise that you’ll always try your best for other people... to help them out... and down let it get to my head. And get some clothes on when you get to the airport!!!” Emily’s mom... Alice... tried to sound normal, but it was obvious that she was highly shaken by her daughter’s sheer size and shamelessness.

“I’ll help humanity out.” Emily promised sincerely, placing her mom down on the floor gingerly, right at the doorway an oversized pinky around her mom’s entire hand, hunching down. Hunched over, an insanely lewd vision of her sopping wet, hairless crotch shamelessly filled the doorframe. Involuntarily, I swallowed at the sight. “And I’ll help you and dad out...” she pulled her pinky away after promising this. “But I’ve already let it get to my head. I think anyone would feel powerful if they were as big and cute as me.”

But Emily begun to move on her own. And just like that, she begun on her own, strolling down the road, completely buck naked, without a care in the world.

Windows opened, and phones flashed.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Emily strolled down the road, announcing her presence before the world. And screens flashed, images of Emily circulating throughout the world, faster than they could be censored. And others stared outside, fascinated by the innocent, looking, gigantic girl, who was anything but innocent.

The dour expression from earlier was gone.

As Emily presented herself to the world, a bright, wide, beaming smile crept upon her pale face, teeth the size of cups parting by her tongue parting out, wetting her lips in anticipation.

“Emily’s here,” she whispered. “It’s my time. I hope I did ok... I was so turned on... so... so turned on Dicky... it made the whole innocence act pointless... besides... the more it looks like I just molested you... the more likely you are to be safe... I can’t t... t... take everybody seeing me... filming me...” Emily whined petulantly. Her voice, kept quiet, was high-pitched, ringing, strained – clearly at the edge of her sexual peak.

Droplets of her sticky cum landed on the streets below as she walked, heavy, full, sticky, pungent, the size of golfballs. Every dozen meters or so... another would plop down to the ground. And the size and frequency was almost growing stronger. Emily’s body was hot against mine... her breathing labored. Her nipple, bearing painfully against my cheek now, was rock hard, wider than my mouth, begging for touch. But I knew even the slightest touch may result in Emily dropping us, her whole body hunching over in sudden orgasm.

But the naked blonde girl kept moving forward to the airport, never dropping us as Emily revealed her gigantic form to the entire world.

“Ask me what you want for cosplay.” Emily said. “If I work people over right, I can have a public appearance soon. I’ll dress how you want me too. Show myself off to you... and the world.” She whispered, giggling. “I’ll solve these people’s boring lives... make people happy. I already tried eating a wooden beam this morning Dicky... the railing on the stairwell... it worked... I’m changing. Soon I’ll be able to eat anything... and everything.” She licked her lips. “Even if it tastes just AWFUL.”

“Pacifica Northwest...” I groaned, hardly thinking. I had avoided touching myself, but I was painfully hard... I knew the whole world had to see, had to have recorded this. I was mortified... Emily was the only thing protecting me, keeping me from getting in serious trouble. People had to have thought I was scum.

“Pervert. From that old show, too? It’s in character, I guess...” Emily sighed. “Kay... I’ll get a big outfit prepared for next week... you probably think you’ve spoiled me, but I’ve spoiled you too in this weird relationship... I humor you WAY too often...” Emily was still whispering, quietly as she could, as she carried Rebecca and I down the street, marching through town, towards the old aircraft hangar.

Beneath Emily’s weight, the ground rumbled slightly with her steps, a sign of what was soon coming for the world.

In Character?

Emily's Height – 19'8 – 26'8 (21'2 – 26'8 in spurt at the beginning of the chapter)

Emily's Weight – 22,641 pounds

Emily had now grown incomprehensibly big. Bigger than it should be possible for a human to grow without their body collapsing in on itself. And I was less than a hundredth her size. To her, I weighed less than a single pound.

And Emily was having a temper tantrum.

"I ORDERED this just for Dicky!" Emily cried out, yelling at Dr. Walker. A couple of guards, noticeably armed, were standing right next to him. My former ward, the young girl who always played with me, threatened all of them.

"You are being placed under scientific observation for your OWN protection!" Dr. Walker yelled. And Emily's pudgy fist slammed the wall, as she continued to yell.

"You are going to give me privacy for ONCE!!! I do NOT have to be observed every hour, you dummy!!!" Emily's fist slammed into the wall, as she continued to yell. The wall groaned under the force of her pudgy fist, the steel hangar hardly able to withstand Emily.

"I can't even move around in here. It's so BORING. I haven't done anything. Been able to play anything. You people just poke and prod me every day. You are going to give me this ONE thing, or I am going to get REALLY, REALLY MAD."

"It's not just about you!" Dr. Walker protested. "Because of what my MORON students have done, you can be a danger, a danger to people in this town, maybe even a danger to society as a whole!"

"I've hurt no one!!!" Emily cried out. "You are going to leave me alone

"And you're going to turn off the cameras!!! Because..." Emily smiled widely, savoring in the reveal, "I can feel the sensors. I can tell if they're on. I'll know if you lying." She licked her lips, looking down at Dr. Walker. "I just started a fansite recently. People love me. People ALLLLL over the world are watching me. And they will be upset if I'm mad too!"

Dr. Walker stared up at Emily, opening and closing his mouth uselessly. He stood there, next to the guards, unsure about what to do. Finally, he began to step back.

"I know that you're far from an innocent little girl. You're busy fucking my students. And they enabled you to grow this big because of that. But I hope you give some consideration to hurting other people." Emily barely responded, shrugging to his question.

"Becca's under my butt. She really loves my big, soft, plushy butt." Emily spoke in an exaggerated cute voice, laden with sugary sweetness, as she adjusted her sitting position.

“Why don’t you leave us alone, good Doctor?” Dr. Walker and the guards gave one last look to Emily as they walked out the hangar, the large door shutting behind them.

For a moment, Emily remained still, holding me in her skirted lap, somehow sensing if the cameras were on or off. Finally, after a while, she smiled, resuming speaking.

“My fans are really nice, huh Dicky!” Emily giggled. “I can’t believe they really made this outfit for me!” Emily wore a posh, purple jacket, with a paler purplish pink dress, and posh, fur boots. Her hair, never cut since she started growing, and long before, now stretched to nearly her waist, and she had her hair up in a bun.

Based on my request, Emily was cosplaying. She didn’t take her supervision in the hanger seriously, regarding it as a minor inconvenience. Playfully, she was always poking and prodding at the boundaries of her supervision, knowing that the actual control they had over her was limited.

“I just had to have that little tantrum to make sure there’s no one spying on us in here. Threats from a big girl like me carry some weight. So we can talk freely... and so my little fancub has the only exculsive, highly illegal footage of me out here.” Emily sighed. The clothes fit her perfectly, except for a pouch around her stomach, where she just ate, but she seemed uncomfortable to even be wearing clothes... so she stretched out, splaying her feet to the side. “I’m tempted to take off these boots... the things I do for you... I hate wearing boots... I HATE wearing clothes...” Emily sighed. “Still... I guess we can do what I said today. Try to minimize the looks of the clothes being tight. Appeal to people. Buy a little more time...” Emily’s voice had a bit of worry in it.

“I honestly believe it will be possible to live on you.” I tried to comfort Emily. Rebecca wasn’t saying a thing... because Emily had obliged her request. Rebecca’s head and upper body was buried under Emily’s skirt, where she was being smothered by Emily’s skirt-clad butt. I couldn’t hear a thing from Rebecca, but her squirming suggested she enjoyed it.

“It’ll be better than life was, even if we’re at your mercy...” I stated, truly believing it. “Since you like me, I suppose it’ll definitely be better for me.” I continued lamely. But I knew I was saying the truth. At least what I thought it was... and appealing to Emily’s ego at the same time.

Emily stretched back, rolling her eyes, and in that moment her body begun to grow hot, pressing against mine.

“Ugh... I had to hold these things back all week... this thing... they don’t act like you said they’d do. It’s part of me! Part of me! And all of me, wants to grow!”

“Wants to grow?” I asked.

“But I’ve been restraining, holding it back. I’ve been growing slowly. I can keep myself from growing. But I don’t know what good it does... my stomach is so heavy. You can’t tell. It’s only so big. But it’s DENSE. Like a bowling ball. Th... this is going to be huge. My cramps are getting worse... indigestion... bigger...” Emily burped loudly, wincing, as she gripped

her stomach. “I’ve been holding back all week Dicky. So fucking long! Monitors every day! And now, for a bit, we’re gone. Alone. I can...” she giggled maniacally.

“FINALLLY LET LOOSE!”

And I begun to get pushed to the side, forcefully, by an expanding wall of Emily’s flesh. Her breathing grew more rapid... shallow... ragged, every single moment her growth passed.

“Oh... ahhh... OH! This is big... a BIG one... a big... BIG one... the first big one since I’ve been here!” Emily giggled, loudly. And I could smell her characteristic, pungent, addicting odor of arousal grow stronger around me. Emily reached down to her oversized panties, moaning. Loudly, lewdly, a squelching came from Emily’s panties as she fondled herself, succumbing to bliss as her growth overtook her.

“That is a big one...” I could hear Rebecca struggled a little bit as her careful positioning was destroying, Emily’s growing ass cheeks practically swallowing her up, the feel of the older girl’s head pressing against her asshole causing Emily’s head pressing against her asshole causing Emily to pant and mewl, as she added feet to her already gigantic height. The sounds of tendons lengthening, bones cracking and expanded, echoed around me. I was as horrified as aroused; I had seen her grow inc,hes, but Emily could just put FEET on her height like this!? How big would she truly get. But I knew Emily. She would get as big as possible – period.

Her skirt, next to me, rode up, not even fully covering her thighs... and Emily’s legs grew bigger, now nearly taller than my entire body... I couldn’t even see over her thigh!

“Wow... so big...” I muttered, involuntarily. Emily giggled at my awe.

“Tch...” Emily nearly spat. “I am a constantly sexual being... more horny than anyone. And driving horniess... larger than life. You gotta be larger in life... in spirit as well as size. If you’re gonna be a goddess... you betta not HOLD BACK... poopy...” Emily sighed, red with frustration. Any moment she held her sexuality back led to inevitable frustration. Emily was like a giant, coiled spring, ready to explode, to fuck the world, at any given moment. And still the young form plumped up, clothes getting tight, as Emily kept pushing me to the side...

“AAAAHHHHHHH...” Emily covered her mouth, but it was still loud, and people, researchers trying to stop her growth, had to have heard Emily’s release, even as she tried to hold back, pummeling Rebecca’s head with her titanic butt as she rubbed back and forth against the floor, her horrendously gigantic panties growing tight as her release spilled gallons of cum against them. Soon Emily stopped, body twitching, her orgasm partly ruined as she attempted to hold her tide of pleasure back. And, soon enough, her moaning subsided, the dress now very tight against her.

“Growing is sho good. Just shooooo goooooood. So FUCKING GOOD” Emily moaned. “I didn’t realize how much I ate there... and now I’m a little bit hungry again...”

“It was like five cows Emily!” I proclaimed, but this just led to giggling.

“I’m a growing girl, Dicky...” Emily looked down and to the side to see me, sitting next to her leg. “But I didn’t realize you had a cosplay fetish. And for characters so young. You pervert! But I guess we watched Gravity Falls together... that old show... while I snuggled up in your lap. You always gave me every little thing I wanted, curled around my little finger. But now I can’t fit in your lap. I’d just splat you.” Emily chided with an affectionate voice. “Anything you want to do. You want me to get in character. Don’t you? You know I’ll be mocking you even more if I do that? Think you can handle that, pervert?”

“Sure,” I shrugged, growing red with embarrassment. I wondered what Emily had in store for me.

“Sure...” Emily whined, a valley-girl accent creeping into her young voice. She always had a love for acting, and an even greater love for anyone giving her attention, so she was able to put on the show easily. “But I TOTALLY have a fan club now that I’m this big. Becky. Uh.... Mable. Right. Mable. I know you’re totally envious of me, but why don’t you crawl out from under my ass. Dipper, get the camera running. Propped up. And set it down.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen that show...” Rebecca whined, trapped under Emily’s butt. But Emily-Pacifica wriggled her ass, placing pressure on the tiny woman.

“Shut up Mabel. You’re butt girl. All day. If you’re not kissing it, you’re not trying hard enough. It can make up a little for you being such a dork every moment.” Emily... Pacifica retorted, and that was that.

“Besides... you’re not a complete loser like this guy right here...” Emily cooed, picking my body up. Soon, Emily hovered me before her face, staring right at me. “You KNOW I can’t keep out all the cameras. They’re watching. There’s just a simple choice on their part, to not do anything Dicky. Dipper.” I set up the camera, hands trembling. It was inserted into metal rods, left there by instruments which probed Emily’s blood, hoping to remove the nanobots’ effects. I barely understood them myself... but there was only one solution that worked. One that terrified me.

Euthanizing the animal.

But, for now, Emily picked me up, the air temperature much higher as her breath washed over me.

“We’re doing this cosplay thing. You don’t mention it REPEATEDLY and have me get an oversized outfit and everything and not follow through. Besides, you sat up my camera Dicky... right?” Emily spoke, sweetly, a wide, closed smile on her face. But I could tell if the answer was no, she’d be irritated.

“Of course I did!” I protested. “You know I do everything you ask as always, Ems!”

“You haven’t called me that in forever! It’s Pacifica for now anyway!!!” She protested, spittle flying into my face as she held me close to her lips. “I’m too big to be called Ems! Not mature, but definitely too big. Several tons at least. And I know you have the camera set up. I can sense it... ahem. Anyway... in character. In character.”

And Emily's face took on a fresh sneer of disgust, looking at me like a piece of crud, an aristocratic contempt in her voice.

"The cameras... this is real, Dic... Dipper..." her voice took on a double meaning. "I have thousands of people donating already. On a forbidden stream... it just stays up, cause people are already afraid to tell me no. Ever. Who tells a girl NO when she can crush you. More and more will watch. I'll soon be the world's obsession. And I don't even NEED their money. None of it. All because of you..." her breath washed over me, as her mocking continued. "You're so disgusting, Dipper." Emily remarked, finally getting fully in character. "Not even fit to lick my boots. And you went and made me this big, just because I said I'd give you the time of day! How desperate are you, worm!" She dropped me, resulting in me splaying my arms out in a sudden panic. The air was knocked out of me. I didn't expect Emily to treat me this roughly.

"Emily, I?"

"Who the hell is Emily!? I am Pacifica Northwest, bug!" She replied again, yelling louder. Dropped between her legs, I stared at a wall of fabric, a painfully tight wall. They were soaked solid from her small orgasm earlier, and the smell was unbearable. But then the legs closed in. Each pudgy thigh was now nearly as tall as I was after her sudden spurt. But I was laying down. I didn't stand a chance.

"Dipper. You know I could just squish you here. I wouldn't mind a bit, you poor bug. You've made me huge, the biggest girl on Earth, based on a promise I'd FUCK you. How do we even have sex? It doesn't make sense. This isn't sex. This is showing you your place, bug." The fake Pacifica stood up, looking down at me.

"I keep these feet in giant boots all the time. But I keep outgrowing them, thanks to your stupid experiments..." her toes wriggled in front of me. "If you want to... hehe... fuck your superior, you need to show that you can withstand her a little..." The blonde brat stared down at me, a sneer on her face. Her lips briefly puckered together, before she aimed a glob of spit right down at me. The first barely missed, as it landed against my foot, several gallons forming a large, sticky puddle to my side.

But the second hit me square in the face, the goopy liquid knocking me down to the ground. The blonde girl above me laughed, giggling filling the room.

"Mabel... you're just laying down in place. Was my butt too big? You're not doing a thing... just looking like an idiot. And little Dipper... what to do with you..." the first glob of spit was followed by a second. And a third. My hands had to keep separating the spit away, clearing the sticky liquid so that I could even breathe. And, when I looked up, Emily's foot hovered above me. Even farther above, her stained panties framed my sky, a cum-soaked heaven hovering far above me, out of reach.

But her foot begun to descend.

Before growth, her feet were a delicate 7 inches in length. Now, based on my napkin math, they were over 40. About three and a half feet tall. And this Emily Pacifica delicately lowered it, until my chest down to my knees were covered.

“One misstep. Just a little pressure. And you’ll be crushed, Dipper. Name one reason why I shouldn’t. You’ve given me all the fame and fortune I deserve, after all.” Emily looked down at me, expectantly, the fake dour expression still lining her face. I swallowed. Even fake, her presence was overwhelming. It really felt like I would be crushed, even though Emily was still playing with me.

“I worship you, Pacifica. I admire you. I am obsessed with you. More than anyone. I did all this to help you, my goddess. I know I acted rude towards you before. Called you rich. Spoiled. But I always thought you were beautiful beyond compare...”

Her foot rested on me. Perfectly manicured toenails, shaved down by myself. I worked myself to the bone keeping them shaved down. And then I painted them purple. Her feet smelled somewhat musty, having been confined in her boots. Her feet, young as she was, were very, very soft. The fleshy surface of her peds sunk into me.

“This is one of the last times I toy with you like this Dipper. Soon I’ll be too big to be alone with you. Everyone’ll be my toy... maybe that’s good enough for me to let you live.” She chortled, as the pressure on my body grew greater, her foot pressing into me for real. The soft, overwhelming pressure shifted as Emily carefully moved her foot up towards my face, expectantly.

Soon her large toe bore down on my face.

“Lick Dipper. And you might amuse me enough for me to let you live. Maybe. If I feel like it or whatever.” I opened my mouth, and I begun to lick at the gap between her big toe and her second toe. The soft toes smelled strongly, having been encased on boots, and my eyes watered slightly. But Emily pressed down a little softer, the flesh overwhelming me.

“You’re naked. Tiny. Underneath an IMPORTANT, BIG girl like me. Everyone totally looks like trash...” She continued to sneer. “I can feel myself stepping on your spit. You’re covered in my spit. In my toejam. You’re like a rag. You should be honored to be my rag. HONORED.” She huffed, really getting into the role. But then she stepped down harder, actually painfully. I cried out slightly in pain, and Emily smiled even wider. Between her toes, her face hung high, high above me. I redoubled my efforts, licking at her toes to please her. And, nearly involuntarily, I attempted to hump her soft foot. Even as she pressed down, my dick was roughly, forcibly curved to the side. But it felt like it sunk, deeper and deeper, into the softness of her sole. And I rolled my hips into her sole, to feel more of the addicting feeling, repeated attempts halfway between a ruined orgasm and bliss, as I humped

“Perverved stupid horny bug, aren’t you? That’s some desperate maneuvering there. I asked you to service ME Dipper.” Emily spat again, it landing right between her toes. This time, I was unable to even move my hands to part her spit. I found myself swallowing Emily’s saliva repeatedly, thick, viscous, just to be able to desperately breathe. “Still holding your little friend up against my butt. Under my skirt. See’s licking at it EAGERLY. And she used to try to compete with me. To mess with me. At least she knows her place now.” Emily stepped the ball of her foot on her face, moving it down, until her spit smeared across my naked body. Continuing to hump against her, it served as a sort of lubricant.

“Everyone’s watching this. Everyone, everywhere, knows how perverted you are. It’s me, and me alone, that keeps you from going to a dark place, bug. So BEG for your pathetic release, and when you do, give me EV-E-RY-THING.” She mouthed the last word, slowly, precisely, as she ground her foot in harder, far harder, a crushing weight of the soft sole bearing into me. And soon, I found myself cumming, tingling spreading through every pore of my body as I bucked into the soft, sweaty sole, crushed by Emily’s plush foot.

“Oooohhhhh... I felt that Dipper! You came.” Emily remarked. “Of course you did. You’re a miserable peasant in the presence of the most beautiful, gigantic girl you could imagine. Still, I’m getting bored with this. And lifting Mabel up to lick my butt. I’m doing something else.”

Emily removed her foot from me, and she pulled Rebecca’s body from behind, sitting in Emily’s right hand, before Emily sat down. Roughly, she shoved me between her legs, even as she pressed Rebecca back against her butt.

“Sometimes I just forget about her, and let her play butt girl.” Emily giggled. The character she was playing was similar enough to where it was hard to tell she was acting. “She’s such an eager, stupid, silly lick. Like it actually turns me on. Please...” the oversized, delicate hand pressed me up her thighs, into the darkness of Emily’s skirt.

“And I can’t believe you time-traveled to give me that either.” She pressed her legs together. My naked body writhed in the prison of her legs, it quickly growing dark, wedged into her flesh. The intense heat and pressure grew stronger. “You are TWICE my age. You didn’t even go after an adult Pacifica. You time-traveled and made your CHILD childhood crush huge. I’d do the world a favor if I squashed you, bug.”

I tried to respond, but Emily pressed her thighs together, the pressure growing even GREATER.

“You speak when I give you permission to speak. I, Pacifica Northwest, am the cutest, biggest girl on Earth. I, as an act of charity, am giving you sexual bliss! If you die, it’s because you’re weak!” A single hand gripped around both my legs.

“They’re watching me, you know,” she said, speaking as both Pacifica and Emily. “I lied about it being private. I couldn’t hold back. It’s not just the people watching my stream. My new fanclub. Which they could take down any time. It’s illegal, after all. But they don’t. Maybe the scientists are part of Pacifica’s fanclub too!”

And the pressure grew stronger. It was actually painful. Her developing thighs would have been weak if Emily was still four and a half feet tall... but here she was, bigger than a truck, stronger than a truck. It felt like she’d break me, and I knew she was still holding back.

“Hmm...” I felt a warm glob of liquid hit me in the darkness. Spit. “You’re trash. You were willing to humiliate yourself. To hurt other people... just to make a spoiled rich bitch... a young girl, great. Of course I’d treat you like trash, peasant.” And she began to rub her legs against each other. The great glob of spit was followed by another. At first it merely covered my hair. But then it began to sink down, to cover my body entirely within the humid darkness. And the camera rolled. And people watched all of this. Desperate to breathe, I opened my mouth, and all I swallowed was Emily’s spittle.

“Pacifica!” I called out, desperately, trying to remain in character. But she acted like she didn’t hear me.

“The girl’s eating my ass out. What an honor for her.” The blonde girl sneered all around me. “To have Mabel eating my ass out. Ha. I knew you must have been a lesbian freak from the moment I saw you. Good thing I’m kind of a freak too...” I could barely hear Rebecca’s moaning, separated as I was by only a few feet... but a few feet of Emily’s solid hips and ass.

My body stiffened up, abused as I was between her legs, and I found myself orgasming.

“I’m FILMING all of this. That camera I gave you isn’t private. My whole fan club is watching this.”

“Yes. We’re watching. Go on...” A voice emanated from the speakers, calling out to the young girl. While Emily played and toyed with my body, scientists were watching. Emily’s fans were watching. The world was watching. All eyes on this blonde, immature brat.

Painfully sandwiched between her legs, and spit, I was brought to orgasm.

“Pathetic. Trash. Waste. You dumbass pervert. Did you even think of what you were doing when you gave me absolute power!” Emily cried again.

The smell was overpowering. Her musk carried with it a deep, pungent odor of arousal, which was combined with the more mundane disgusting smell of her spit. Emily overwhelmed me with every aspect of her.

“Dummy. Dumb. Dumb. Dummy. Giving me absolute power. You know I’d use it.” Emily’s body stretched just a little more in front of me, her clothes stretching out, groaning against the growing girl. While the rest of the fabric maintained its integrity, her panties couldn’t take it. A strong snapping sound emerged from the fabric in front of me. Still, stretched to the limit, I did not hear it snap.

But Emily continued to shove me forward, a single hand guiding my entire body like a dildo. I could hardly see in the humid darkness, but I was shoved forward, under Emily’s skirt, until I felt my head colliding with a large, fleshy nub, stretching out over half a foot, wider than my mouth, barely covered by the heavy fabric of her panties, stretched thin.

I was pressed against Emily’s clitoris.

And, soon, I tried my hardest to lick, my tongue tasting the cum-soaked fabric, as both of my hands rubbed the massive clitoris at the same time.

“Little Dipper. You old pervert. Do all you can to please me. I am better than you. Richer than you. Bigger than you. SO MUCH bigger. All I’d have to do is step on you, and you’d be a little bloodstain. So suck on my badass giant clit with everything you have.” It felt like I was choking, trying to take in as much of the fabric covered nub as I could. But Emily’s hand smushed me into her mercilessly. I grew more and more coated by her release even as I struggled to massage her clit; more than ever, Emily/Pacifica seemed incredibly turned on.

“I WANT them to watch me... Dipper. I want everyone’s eyes focused on me at all times.” Her high pitched voice quavered, as my entire body was roughly forced up and down, Emily’s hips beginning to buck against my body, rolling me up and down against her as an imaginary phallus.

Her movements grew faster and faster; my arms buried into her fabric, the young girl practically abusing my body, bruises accumulating as Emily roughly bucked against me. Her pungent, addicting smell of her pheromones, her cum, her sweat, overwhelmed me. I could barely breathe as Emily treated me as her toy.

“AAAhhhhhhh... AAAHHHHHHH!!!!” Emily cried out, everything shaking against me as her panties grew more and more soaked. Liquid slipped out, soaking my chest. The metal echo echoed, groaned, and rang, as Emily’s titanic butt impacted it over and over. And, inevitably, I found myself spurting again, before I rested against Emily’s panties. Her skirt hung over me like a blanket. It was unbearably hot and humid, surrounded by Emily.

“We’re still playing Dicky. You’re Dipper. And I’m Pacifica, remember? Ahhh...” Emily toyed with my body like a dildo, playing with it as she rode down her orgasm. “You’ve GOT to go along with it more, or I won’t have fun. Their cameras are on. They’re watching, remember?”

“They’re... watching?” I panted.

“They’re watching this twelve year old use your whole body as a sex toy... Dipper. They’re terrified of me. They want to stop my growth. I JUST said that. Actually pay attention to my words... you poor dumbass. Your companions still buried under my ass. I was more careful than you’d think. Otherwise she’d be pounded into dust ‘bout now.” Emily spoke casually, her voice echoing in the metal chamber.

“Thank you for letting me use the other camera!” Emily shouted to no-one in particular, knowing the scientists were listening. “I KNOW you didn’t want to let me, but I REALLY needed that fansite.”

“Are you seriously MORE turned on by me when I’m acting like Pacifica??? I can’t believe this!!!” Emily whined, reacting to me spurting again. “You traitor!! Nobody’s supposed to turn you on more than me!”

“They’re watching me...” Emily whispered, silently. “They are observing my sexuality. How STRONG my pheromones are,

“This world’s gonna be ruled by a young, rich, spoiled, bratty bitch. One who will give orders to the world. Make everyone her slaves, because I need them to AMUSE me. Forced to drink from my milk. Eat from food raised off of my skin. Pray to me; live in sufferance from me, knowing I could ANNIHALATE them at any moment. And that’s reality, no matter who you think I am.”

I struggled, trying to move away from her panties for a moment. Her grip relaxed, letting me breathe. But then she freshly plunged me into her wet panties, striving for another orgasm.

“Like I said. You’re my favorite toy. No. Honestly. More than that. I love you Dic... heheheh. Dipper. It’s the best place to be. Cause soon, people will have to KNOW what will happen. Anyone who I don’t like. Those who try to stop me. They will be toys. Broken toys.”

“Emily...” she shoved me into her harder, making it nearly impossible to breathe

“PACIFICA. And I can’t believe you spoke back to me, worm! I haven’t lived long in this world. But, on the whole, I’m eager and helpful. I’ll help people out. I mean, I’m young. But most people are BORING. You’ve been boring. I ripped you off the screens, off your loneliness, your pathetic dweebiness. And made you something. So I’ll solve it. I’ll make people happy and sad and mad and glad and just no longer dependent on screens. On TVs. On technology. Because they’ll be smaller than bugs. Dependent on me. If I become a goddess in the process, that’s just a side benefit for me!”

For the moment, the room was silent. I could still hear Rebecca, squirming under the great blonde brat’s butt. But maybe Emily was right... no part of me minded this arrangement. Rather, I loved it. But, honestly...

“I am more dependent on you than I’d ever been on anything, Emily.” I spoke, meekly.

“People are gonna be very dependent on me...” Emily laughed, pressing me forward. “And I’m not telling you this to be in character, Dicky. I will be the world. But I will be a better world.”

But for the moment, their cameras were off. Except for hers. Only Emily’s fans heard her bold claims. How long could this last for?

Emily's Temper

Emily's Height – 26'8 – 34'2

Emily's Weight – 47,527 pounds

Staff tried to scurry around, scientists and guards, scurrying around the gradually growing form of Emily. Besides finding ways to stop her growth, they sought to avoid ways to prevent Emily from performing any more lewd acts. Rebecca and I were barely tolerated, Emily's explosive temper tantrums at the mere mention of removing her former babysitter keeping me by her side.

But the situation with the cameras did not last for long. Somehow, Emily could detect these cameras. But that did not mean that the monitoring staff couldn't complain about it. They found ways to monitor Emily.

But now, the days of secrecy were long over.

News stories had broken from the lab about a gigantic, GROWING young girl. Some were lighthearted about it, but many more expressed a sort of trepidation. Some articles felt sorry for the young girl. And others worried about what would happen if she just kept growing and growing.

"You're going to sit on my thigh today..." Emily explained. "You're like a security doll. I have to have you nearby. Or else I'm just gonna have a bad day."

"And if you have a bad day, what does it matter?" I shrugged nervously. "I know you won't actually crush me. It'll be embarrassing to sit on your thigh. A TWELVE year old's thigh, in front of the entire world." But Emily's eyes narrowed, a catlike stare focusing on me. The hot sun blared outside.

"They got me spats. Still kinda revealing, but more clothes than you're used to."

Truthfully, she was wearing spats, and a light T-shirt. The absolutely titanic blonde had a sporty look, befitting her outdoorsy nature. A light tan was already forming from just a couple of days in the sun, and her long blonde hair hung loosely around her, shining brightly in the sun. Her button nose framed a perfectly innocent face.

And the ground shook slightly with her every step. Thud. Thud.

THUD.

Her foot plowed into me, an unstoppable force pulling me into the air as her foot roughly pushed me forward. I drew my arms in together, rolling and rolling several times. The taste of dirt filled my mouth immediately. Finally, the rolling stopped; I tasted dirt all over. I looked up at Emily. A strained smile was on her face.

“I won’t CRUSH you Dicky. But I trained bugs too. If I can’t train you, I’ll have a BAD time with everyone else.” She shrugged, a smug expression unbefitting her tiny body as she shook her head side to side, smiling. “I make you feel SO good. I sucked on your thing like a sucker last night. You want that again, right?” Meekly, I nodded. It had become apparent that her plan to ride out this treatment all the way wasn’t going to be stopped.

Because Emily wasn’t receiving any further treatments. But her growth continued – faster than ever.

“I want them to be suspicious of you at this point. JUST suspicious. Don’t act on any weird urges with me mister... I’m scared cause I have to introduce myself at this point. If people get the wrong idea with me, my growth stops right here. Or worse. And you know what’ll happen to you, pervert.” Emily adjusted her spats under her short skirt, adjusting the fabric against her butt, giving me a full view of the soft, round, pliable ass. But she glared down at me, her smile cold. And then, with a great boom, she sat down.

So, in the most public setting imaginable, with the world watching, I sat on Emily’s spat-covered thigh. And people began to swarm around her. Newscasters, members of the general public, fans of the growing sensation Emily was becoming. And members of her – our – family.

And now the gigantic young girl sat outside, absolutely surrounded by cameras. The weather was sweltering, unbearable, nearly 95 degrees, even on a September day. To sit outside at all was nearly unbearable. To sit outside on a heated, itself 90 degree, gigantic thigh, covered by a BLACK HEAT-ABSORBING pair of spats. Sweat poured down me nearly instantly, and the same happened with the gigantic girl I sat on.

Except Emily weighed more than three-hundred times as much as me. And she produced over three hundred times as much sweat. The smell quickly grew unbearable. But, just as simultaneously, it was intoxicating. Pungent, aromatic, salty, pheromone-laden. Emily. The same smell she always had. Just much stronger.

Nervously, I crossed my legs as people began to assemble, hiding the inevitable erection Emily gave me constantly at her massive size as best as I could. But I knew it was more than a chubby – a solid foot wouldn’t realistically be hidden. Except, perhaps, to Emily itself – now the size of a tic tac.

And they all stood, hoisting their smartphones, taking pictures. People of all ages. Masses of the unemployed, the idle, now the majority of people, thronged to examine the giant girl. And, there were offerings, Food. All types. From vegetables to fruit to steaks to candy. All laid out for Emily, in a pile, fit for a city. I could FEEL the giant girl’s stomach vibrate, as she licked her lips.

Emily smiled, watching the crowd beginning to form in front of her. I could tell what she was thinking just from her expression – “yes, I will be able to show myself off.”

But, emerging in front of her, Dr. Walker held a megaphone, walking out from behind Emily, preparing to speak. Nervously, he cleared his throat, as Emily glared down at my small supervisor with a dour, dissatisfied expression.

“We have here Emily... she’s an ordinary girl, who, over the past few weeks, has been going through a rapid, uncontrollable growth spurt. But I wanted to show her to you today for two reasons. One, to show you that she is not a threat – an ordinary girl, just bigger.” He sounded like he didn’t believe his own words.

“Two. We are here for another reason as well. We are here to tell you that we can stop this growth. We are researching it by the day. The nanobot system is a misnomer. It’s not entirely electronic. It’s mostly biological. So it cannot be fried, or however you would describe it. But we are working... to be able to reverse the process. We expect to find something within the next week or two.” Emily’s eyes narrowed further, looking at him. I knew the system we were working on very well. It did mostly consist of a self-replicating bacteria, even if machines were used to distribute it. But it was one of the most advanced inventions made, used recklessly in hundreds of applications before I used it... recklessly. It even seemed to be enhancing her senses, beyond just allowing Emily to grow this big without collapsing in on herself.

And Emily would fight as hard as possible for them to keep working inside her; for her to keep growing.

Emily waved to the crowd, smiling a smile of pure innocence, a bright cheerful expression that you would see on an ordinary 12-year old girl. And she began to speak, her loud voice completely overwhelming Dr. Walker’s.

“Hey~ How are you!” Emily greeted them, cheerfully. “It’s been a long time since I’ve seen so many people.

“EMILY!!!” Cheering erupted from many in the crowd, even as others stepped back, seemingly hesitant that a girl of her size could talk.

A young, brown-haired girl meekly walked up.

“Hi... it’s... Anna... from your class. Um. Uh.” She stuttered. The girl was clearly just as young as Emily. She had straight brown hair, a completely flat chest, braces, a plaid skirt down below her knees. She looked like a perfectly proper, demure young girl.

“You’ve gone a long way to see me...” Emily’s smile widened, her smile turning mischievous, gazing down. “A long way. Like Sara.”

“Could I hug... your feet?” the girl finally spoke, blushing, a deep crimson. “It’s so embarrassing, but I want to hug your feet!” Emily nodded, her smile growing wider.

“Sure!” My blonde former ward chirped innocently. It was anything but an innocent sight. Not only did this young girl literally begin to sink into Emily’s foot, disappearing fondling her, but I sat on her leg. But Emily merely smiled, paying no mind to the weirdness – it was what she was used to, and loved. But she continued to scan the crowd, not fully satisfied.

“I know that many of you are worried about me. I’m not going to pretend that things won’t be a little different.” Emily responded, causing muttering to erupt as she did nothing to assuage the crowd. Sitting on her thigh, I couldn’t help but feel nervous. “After all, I’m still growing.

Rapidly. Every week.” Emily shifted her legs, and I had to balance to stay on top of her spat-covered thigh, thicker than any tree trunk.

“What do you mean, things will be a little different?” One man looked up from his phone to ask, indignantly. Even in front of the gigantic, forty-foot girl, many of the people watching were focusing more on their phones, either taking pictures and texting, or completely ignoring the absolutely titanic girl in front of her.

“I mean, things will be exactly the same,” Emily whined, looking at the crowd before her. “You’ll all be dependent on something bigger, more important, just better than you. But you’ll be happier than me.”

A couple of people approached Emily, tentatively. The pile of quote-unquote offerings grew no bigger. There was a variety of food, but it was not nearly as much as the facility was providing. It certainly wasn’t enough to feed Emily for a day, even if she wasn’t growing. Increasingly, Emily begun to grow red, looking at her tepid reception – not just from the heat.

It had been a while since I had seen this sight. The sight that Emily had around people who didn’t play along with her. Emily was a girl who didn’t have to always get her way. But you had to be able to play with her. To engage with her. To not ignore her. And certainly not to insult her.

“Dr. Walker!” Emily cried in her shrill voice. “Did you even advertise this!? I am BY FAR the largest girl on Earth. This should be one of the most exciting moments... for anyone! Ever!” Her fist slammed into the ground nearby, stirring up a giant cloud of dust.

“You’re the one who kept whining until you got your way here!” Dr. Walker protested, looking pathetically small next to Emily’s leg, arguing with the titaness. “You should be focused on getting your growth stopped! Period!”

“I could crush you right now... it would be so easy...” Emily smirked sweetly. But she hardly moved a muscle. The whole place felt like the essence of the grade school girl, somehow even beyond ordinary smell. The air itself was sweat. And thick, heavy droplets coated by hair as she ran her arm across her forehead, soaking my head entirely, nearly knocking me down.

“This has been the most exciting time I’ve ever had Emily... you’re so pretty, so cute, so big... there’s nothing I would ever want more.” I mouthed, trying to catch her attention from my perch on her thigh. But she ignored me entirely, focused on the masses before her. Somehow, it did piss me off.

Emily was mad. And so was I. Somehow, it didn’t seem right for people to ignore her.

And she was nearly forty feet tall.

Her face smiled, pouting a little as she looked across the crowd, savoring them in detail. One by one, her shining blue eyes focused on each individual member.

“Do I smell?” Emily remarked, at everyone, and no-one. “I know there’s a few complaints, cause I’m sweaty. When you’re this big... you’re sweaty. It’s that simple.” Emily spat a sweaty strand of hair out of her mouth. She was trying to get a rise out of the crowd, but in the process, Emily revealed a little of who she really, truly was. Hardly some innocent little girl. Unceremoniously, she lifted the classmate who had sunk into her foot, carrying her up, a couple of dozen feet to her mouth. And then she pressed her in, smacking her with her lips.

“Mwah! You taste like feet!” Emily exclaimed, making a face, sticking out her tongue, before smiling and kissing again. I could hardly see from below, but from the wet, sucking sounds, I could tell that Emily was swallowing the girl’s entire face. Saliva dripped down below, forming a small puddle. And my erection was now impossible to hide, fully turned on by Emily’s presence.

People nowadays were often in an addictive stupor, overwhelmed by the screens they were on, even more than the earlier smartphones. But now, they are all gone, some in lustful staring at Emily, others in aggrieved, moralistic shock at the lewd acts of this young girl.

But, all eyes were focused on Emily now. And she was far happier, giggling at the effect her size had on hundreds of people, most of them strangers. Emily always adored a crowd adoring her; now she had that more than ever.

“You’re all free to touch me...” Emily boomed, her voice echoing all around. “I PROMISE you won’t get in trouble.” She pulled the girl away from her mouth to make her announcement, before resuming kissing. Dr. Walker looked at Emily, angry, but he didn’t know how to stop Emily in the heat of this moment.

And people, ranging from children to people older than me, walked up to Emily. She was sweaty all over, baking in the heat. Anyone who touched her became immersed in her salty sweat instantly, droplets washing over them, marking them in her scent, and in Emily’s pheromonal haze.

And, even as most people placed their phones down, in their pockets, purses, even just dropping them on the ground, others took pictures of Emily. Murmurs of awe and fear echoed throughout the crowd, as they let it sink in.

People continued to sink into Emily’s wide, pudgy thighs, full on in development. She already had wide hips for her age, and, as an athletic girl, there were hints of developed muscle under an outer layer of baby fat. I watched with fascination as people below me sunk into her hips, taller than I was, sinking into the soft layer of baby fat only so far before being stuck in the fat below, literally sinking into Emily.

“Hehe... Ha... haha!!!” Emily giggled, a menacing tone in that giggle. It said something simple. I’m here. You’re not gonna stop me.

“I really am having an impact on everybody, aren’t I Emily?” But her left hand, free while the right held the young girl up, begun to stroke me, oversized fingers scratching my back.

“Oh, shut up, Dicky,” Emily whispered. “You knew I would be an attention grabber when I got big. I always liked getting along with people. Just let me pet you” Her fingers, strong

enough to crush me, sunk into my back expertly, poking and prodding at every little ache on my body. Soon I was like putty in her hands, fingers larger than my arms making me loved beyond anything else. Emily was now a goddess, beloved by thousands of people. Yet her face shone from above. There was still a slightly pouty expression, irritated by the heat – irritated by the lack of complete devotion from everyone around her. But I knew it would come in time.

“You have to understand something...” Emily announced to everyone around her, but Dr. Walker most of all. “Mommy has to understand something really, REALLY well. I’m a cute girl. Younger than you. Maybe a little big immature. But I’m big. And cause of that, I’m the boss. You have to understand I’m the boss.” Emily licked her lips, before resuming making out with her doll. Although she was fully clothed, Emily’s full lewdness was obvious to all who watched her display.

“Things will be a little different from now on,” Emily chirped sweetly. Dr. Walker walked off, looking frustrated, waving back at the titanic girl with a casual back and forth swing of the back of his hand. I was one of the only people who even noticed the Doctor. I was sure he had to have known by now. Emily was drunk with power. The girl smiling, scanning the crowd, BRAGGING about her growth, clearly didn’t plan to give it up. And now Dr. Walker knew this for certain. People weren’t just going to let her have her way, not without her fight. I swallowed, wanting to tell Emily, the cute girl I had babysat, and fallen for. But I decided I would wait for later, when the crowd dispersed.

There was newfound tension here. I didn't think Emily could just stay contained with Dr. Walker for long. But, with her newfound fans, she may have a solution.

Emily At Large

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Emily's Height - 45'0 feet

Emily's Weight - 108,200 pounds

And soon, Emily's sheer size begun to become an obvious menace to those around her. Lab assistants had scurried for weeks, swarming, collecting blood samples from oversized needles, loading them into instruments for analysis. But all attempts at stopping her growth had failed entirely. Emily would get what she wanted.

And what she wanted, was adoration.

Fans approached the hangar, being refused by guards, day after day. And day after day, they heard Emily's voice, echoing from the hangar. And day after day, they were turned away. But more would come the next day. Fansites were made for her.

"Dozens, hundreds of websites praising me. Hosting pictures of me. Videos. Skirting the boundaries of legality. It has interviews, news, stories, erotica. People really, really like me." Emily giggled, bouncing me on her leg. "You know though, I'll take out the Internet soon. People are happier without it. And people looking at screens aren't paying any attention to me." For a moment, I sat on Emily's bare leg, content from the massive warmth her body put off. She was so large now. So huge, it was like I was her doll.

"No." Emily spoke quietly, pouting at several workers carrying a top. "I'm not gonna wear clothes. I like being naked. It feels free." She giggled, knocking over a staff member with her foot, nearly squishing him, like Emily was playing with a little toy. "I could squish you. So you better listen. I'm going out. Where people will see me. And I'm gonna be naked. You people can't control me anyway."

"Emily..." the member protested. But her hand wrapped around my entire stomach, heaving me up like I weighed nothing.

"I don't even know how you are. If I don't know who you are, you might as well be a bug." Emily smirked, her hand pressing against the steel wall, testing it, seeing if she could just open her way out. The air hangar was sealed, and the steel wall should have been impenetrable. But Emily just pressed against it on a whim, and the metal buckled, folded, groaned. But in a moment, she pulled her hand away, looking bored.

Until a staff member came up to Emily and I, carrying a phone. He looked so tiny, walking up to the cross-legged body of the young girl. Her form filled the hangar. Her smell permeated the hangar.

“Richard... it’s a call for you. It’s your parents.” He said timidly. I looked at the phone somewhat incredulously. It had been weeks upon weeks since I had talked with anyone. Nervously I swallowed, looking up at Emily.

“Can I take the call?” Emily’s eyes narrowed, looking down at me.

“Do you think they would like it? Dicky groping me? Dicky fucking me? Dicky growing me? Dicky. Loving me?”

“Emily, could I just...”

“NO. They hate you. Even if you haven’t talked to them, you must know that. I’ll show you. You’re my lover. But you’re also a TOY. Nothing compared to me.” With that, Emily pressed against the hangar again, feeling the metal. Her delicate, thin arm flexed, pressing against the solid steel door. Surely, surely I thought it wouldn’t move. But the steel buckled, bent, and finally gave away. In a massive cloud of dust, with the crashing of metal, Emily had opened her way outside without even breaking a sweat.

“I’m hungry,” Emily whined. “And the food here sucks. Soon I’ll be too big to eat much except... well... anything and absolutely everything Dicky. I’m sure you’d know. But I’d like to get something good today.” Staff rushed towards her, along with Dr. Walker, but Emily ignored them all, carrying me in her hand as she crawled out of the facility. She licked her lips, crawling outside of the facility.

Soon Emily stood up. The wind rushed past me as I hurled into the air. Emily’s smooth skin glistened in the sunlight around me. It was another hot day.

Her steps boomed on the streets below, signs shaking and rattling, as people everywhere watched her. Her nipples were rock hard, each one nearly the size of my head. They swelled with the attention and adulation of the strangers below. This wasn’t some big girl sitting back and taking questions, Emily was making it clear she was in charge. And everyone dropped what they were doing to watch the giant girl, to admire her, or just to get out of her way.

Cracks formed in the asphalt below as she marched towards the town square. Cameras flashed, recording the image of Emily’s pouty, flushed face in history forever.

“Everyone. I’m big. I’m hungry. I’m spoiled. And I want people to touch and make over me.” Emily giggled. “You don’t have to be shy. I don’t want you to be shy. If you don’t give me what I want. Cars. People. I’ll make things go squish.” She leaned over, smiling at a group of high schoolers. They didn’t even come up to her ankles.

“Aren’t you like... kind of young to be talking like that!?” A blonde man looked up at her. He looked like he was about 18. But Emily only giggled.

“I had a crush on Dicky here. My passive. Sad sack babysitter...” a pudgy finger poked into me, her breath caressing, my body, hot and heavy. “But he wouldn’t follow through with it. Not till I’ve grown more powerful. So powerful that he couldn’t possibly say no.” Emily laughed, her eyes wide, mirthful, almost crazy. “And it’s not like he abused me. Maybe it was just the Internet. It’s become so messed up. I’ve seen every sex act in the world on there.”

Emily giggled again, nudging at the teenagers with her free hand. “You have cellphones there. THAT won’t be a thing much longer. My parents never paid attention to me. Only Dicky right here. In my hand. But soon...” she pinched the small iPhone straight from the boy’s hand, crushing it into electronic dust effortlessly. “Soon you’ll be paying attention to each other more. And me most of all.”

Emily stood up, sniffing.

“Anyway, you think it’s weird and creepy, but I’d like to see you downtown. Now. If you don’t get in my good graces, I’ll probs squish ya in time. This butt’s only getting bigger.” She squeezed her left buttock with her free hand, massaging her bottom heavy flesh, showcasing her young body for everyone.

“HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING. YOU CAN’T JUST!!!” An older barkeep screamed out as Emily approached, ripping open the front of the bar with a single gesture of her hand. The bar split open, and Emily sat me on the ground, gingerly.

Emily hunched down, looking inside, probing with her oversized eyes.

“Poop.” Emily pouted. “I can’t even fit in the stupid tiny bar.” But Emily kept peering inside, and her hands splayed out in front of her. Her body stuck to the ground like a snake, she hurled herself forward. And Emily was inside the bar. Or – at least her head and shoulders. I followed her, heading through the gaping hole.

“I want to get drunk!” Emily exclaimed, with the same wide-eyed, innocent, yet crazed expression. Her blue lights, wide open, shone, the artificial lights in the bar reflecting off her. “I want to get drunk right now! You... little... bar people... I want to try everything. All of it! Bring it outside. Or I’ll squish you all!!!”

“The building’s collapsing!!!” A young bartender protested. “You... whatever’s happening! You can’t just except to go and get your way like this! There’s rules to follow, even if!”

Thud.

His body flew across the room, collapsing in a still heap, as Emily slapped him. The sound echoed dully throughout the room. He landed, breaking chairs and tables. And the man didn’t move.

“Emily!!!” I protested, but she smiled widely, rolling her eyes at me.

“You’re so lucky I liked you Dicky. There’s many people who could have been as lucky as you... but they never knew me. You get the special treatment. Face it. I’m big. So big now. Time to start getting everything I want... now!” She huffed at the remaining servers. Causing them to quake in terror.

“I’ll sit outside, kay? You can bring what you have to me then. All of it! I waanna get drunk...” And Emily pulled herself out just as quickly. The bar groaned as Emily left it, plaster falling from the ceiling. But the building didn’t cave in. And Emily planted her butt on the ground right outside, leaning net to the building. The entire structure sagged a little. Even

sitting down, Emily's head stretched to the third story. She smiled, gazing at all the awestruck and terrified faces watching.

Emily looked down at me, vacantly staring at me with an adoring, yet smug look. She cast her eyes on the people around her, drinking her bulk in. Her pheromones were on overpowering smell, even out in the open. Gingerly, I put my hand on her butt, feeling the flesh of the young, bottom-heavy giantess. I squeezed at her flesh, my fingers sinking several inches in. But there was just so much. Standing next to her, I couldn't hope to even wrap my arms around her right buttock.

"Kiss it, Dicky." Emily giggled and demanded. "Worship me. I want everyone to see how pathetic you are before me. And I want you to have fun too." The bar staff had filled a great, multi-gallon barrel full of beer. It was enough for an entire village. And yet it just looked like a large flagon in Emily's hands. Without a moment's hesitation, she tipped the adult drink back. For a moment, her eyes flashed open in surprise.

"Bitter!" Emily cried, sticking her tongue out for a moment. But she only hesitated for a moment, and leaned against the sagging building. Hundreds of people watched, with television crews and cameras approaching the reclining girl.

And Emily's pheromones filled the air.

Do you see this man groping this young, innocent girl's butt? I could crush him. In a single moment. Treat him like a bug... make him go splat!" Her eyes shone down on me, an affectionate, menacing tone. And she scooted over just a little, her ass moving a foot towards me, shoving my entire body like nothing. I stumbled, and nearly fell. But Emily shifted again, and I fell down to the ground. On the ground, helpless.

Incredibly, people universally put down their phones, most trying to look away, trying to avoid being drawn to the twelve year old font of lust. The twelve year old, bratty, demanding girl, who was quickly growing into an unstoppable girl.

Emily's right hand wrapped around my legs, picking me up off the ground, even as her left held the massive barrel. She quickly took another sip of the vat of beer.

"How big are you gonna get?" One of the teenagers from before asked. They had rushed in a gaggle, people with brand name clothes, all staring wide eyed, mouths agape, at Emily. A full crowd had surrounded her.

"Big. Very. Very big." Emily burped unashamedly, giggling. And then she belched again, louder than before. At her incredible size, Emily's belch reverberated throughout the air. Her mouth opened wide with her rude display. Slight drops of spittle dropped onto the city streets below.

"Emily... I..." I tried to think of what to say, but I couldn't.

"What, Dicky? You want to crawl under this preteen's butt. Your head trapped in my precious asshole... what a funny word... asshole!" Emily rested her weight, leaning onto her right buttock, letting me get a real good luck into her butt. "Hehe. Or do you want me to act like

I'm eating you. Put you in my mouth? Or do you want to act like you're younger than me? Go inside me. Let me use you as a dildo? But regardless, you're gonna have to accept it's no longer private. Cause it's about me. Not you."

"Emily... don't you think you're getting too big..." I finally pleaded, choking my words out. I was overwhelmed by the lust for this girl. But I realized, looking up at her, at the building behind Emily, sagging under her weight. The time would come soon when Emily would be a killer. Maybe even a tyrant. I had ignored it... maybe even found it exciting. But it was here.

"Would you look at that, everyone. The little man next to me?" Emily asked, to everyone and no one in particular. A mass of people, young and old, men and women, all stared at me, as a finger, wide as my head, pressed down on me, ever so slightly, as I was trapped in her grip. But I felt the weight of Emily's pudgy finger bearing down on me. Her soft skin petted my hair.

"He's responsible for this. This pervert. This pedophile. Trash. Human garbage. I love him. And he's going to be responsible... for so... so... many people dying." Murmurs emerged from across the crowd. I couldn't see Emily's face, but I could feel the smug emanating from her voice as the pressure on her finger grew stronger, pressing me onto the ground.

"I came onto him a few weeks ago. And he obliged me. I loved having sex with him. Feeling his BIG dick filling my folds. It actually felt good for a few weeks, you know? Until I got too big. But then it still felt good. The power feels good." Emily finished the last of the barrel. With a clang, it crashed to the ground below with an earsplitting bang.

"And I still love him. I love Richard. Dicky." Emily spoke affectionately to me, bringing me up to my mouth. She opened her maw, letting me look inside at her slithering tongue, half as large as my own body. My head went closer, and her lips enveloped me, subsuming me in her saliva, as her pink tongue lapped my entire face, over and over. I could hardly breathe, and what I did breathe had no oxygen, it was entirely Emily's breath. Soon, I began to feel faint.

"Emily..." I pleaded.

"I love him. Even though I could eat him." Emily pulled me away briefly, letting me breathe. And she stared at me, pensively. "Even though you're nothing. Nothing at all compared to me, Dicky." For a moment she was silent.

"More beer." Emily demanded. "And food too. I need you ALL to bring me food! I'm still growing! And I don't want to just have to eat dirt... buildings... people... everything... EVERYTHING... yet..." her stomach rumbled, her whole body seemingly vibrating with the demanding hunger pains.

"You're not gonna be like Dicky. None of you. But if you humor me, spoil me, that'll be good for you. Because those who don't... are gonna get squished. That's all." Emily burped again.

"Emily," I pleaded again. She frowned at me, and then smiled.

“I’ll be able to be personal with you again. I’m sure of it. There’s so much more I’ll be able to do with this symbiotic organism, you brilliant boy. But... if you’re such a genius... it should have been so EASY to realize that the girl who talked ‘bout being big. Who squished bugs for a hobby. MIGHT be a bit of a nuisance if she grew. But you did it anyway. So I’ll cuddle you with my lips, my little, itty-bitty Dicky.”

And Emily lowered me.

Past her breasts, small, flat, but simultaneously huge pillows that I could rest my entire body on. Her nipples stood on the small mounds, harder than ever. Past her stomach, still rumbling. Growling. Demanding. Towards her quivering pussy.

“I guess I’m a very weird girl. A very demanding girl. You knew it would be a disaster if I grew big. So, so big. But you chose right. Here’s your reward, or at least a little teennnssssyyyy bit of it. But there’s so much more to come.”

In mere moments, her fingernails shredded my clothes, leaving them in tatters around me. My head was soon pressed against Emily’s pussy lips, against her hard clit. It grew harder, longer in front of me. Her vaginal shaft stood in front of me, inviting me in. I wanted to crawl inside.

“I’m not big nuff” yet...” Emily whined, pressing me against her vagina, massaging her, and guiding me to her hard, throbbing clitoris. Sticking on top of her hairless pussy, jutting out, I found myself licking the hard, long, nub of flesh. People gasped at my subservience, my lust for my twelve year old girl. My old life was over. My friends would surely be gone. I was covered in her juices. Naked. In public. Humiliated.

But I was hard.

And her clit. Emily’s clit! It was nearly as big as my own massive member. And it grew bigger. Harder. As I licked it. As the crowd watched her.

“Emily...” I called out to her again, just to talk with her. But she ignored me. Emily had the attention of the world now. She loved me. But she had outgrown me, literally. Having set Emily’s growth into motion, I was the first among equals. And now Emily was something else entirely.

She begun to swallow another full industrial barrel of beer. Some of it trickled down, splashing down on me below. Emily now seemingly ignored me entirely, done mocking me. But her right hand told a different story. No matter where else I tried to go, my head, my mouth, was guided, forced into her clit. Her cum trickled out, clear, sticky liquid coating my entire body. And yet, I could tell from looking at her quivering folds, that Emily was holding her orgasm back. The lustful, “strange” girl was as turned on as she had ever been. And her right hand focused on me, what the rest of her body ignored.

“Are you all USELESS! STUPID!!” Emily pouted, with the same voice she always used to get her way with me. “I want food NOW. NOOWWWWWWW!!!!!! Good little boys and girls who help me... I’ll keep em around. The rest... not so much...” This sent many people in the crowd into a commotion, crying profanities and threatening Emily. But nothing

happened. I continued to lick at Emily's clit, even as my arms sunk into her quivering, soaked lips, prodding at her folds. Her pussy, delicate lily folds blown up to epic proportions, seemed to go on forever, receding into darkness. Even if she wasn't big enough yet, I wanted to crawl inside. I trembled, my body shaking with arousal. Everyone watching me. My parents. My family. Rebecca. I had to have some dignity... something... surely...

I held myself back, even as my body trembled. But I held my orgasm back, bathed in Emily's cum. Her sweat. Her scent. Her throbbing clit. Emily's cooing. Hold back. Hold back. There was no dignity left. But I held back.

But Emily kept pressing me into her.

"Swallow it." Emily commanded for a moment, roughly pressing me into her. My lips, guided by Emily's hand, struggled to swallow her light pink, throbbing clit. But soon, it was done, I sucked as much as I could, swallowing Emily's love button. And she pressed me down. Further. Deeper. I swallowed more of Emily's clit.

"Wow I'm really, really hungry! I have a really, REALLY big hunger." I could only see her clit. Her crotch. Her pussy. But I could hear the smile in Emily's voice. "Maybe I'll just start eating YOU people if you don't get me something. And you... you look cool. Come on... I told you to follow me earlier... let me see you bare butt naked... I wanna suck your boobs... they're so much BIGGER than mine... maybe they'll have a little bit of milk..." Emily's left hand set down the barrel, fondling at choice people around her, even as the right bore down on me.

"We... are reporting... the giant girl... from earlier... is acting out of control... doing whatever she wants... not listening to anyone..." A reporter breathlessly reported. And tears formed on my eyes as my mouth was stretched to my limit, swallowing eight inches of her clit. The organ even pressed into my throat. Throbbing inside my mouth. A reporter for the local news... even with artificial intelligence, people insisted on real reporting. A quaint reminder of when people had jobs.

And she was my mom. The one I had left in the dark for weeks. Ignoring her. To fuck Emily. To GROW Emily. To follow her every whim. To fondle a twelve year old girl, and put everyone in danger. And now, in turn, she completely ignored me, deliberately acknowledging my very presence. This boy humping an overgrown young girl. Everything that I had successfully repressed for weeks came to the forefront. I struggled to get away from Emily's grip, but her hand toyed with me, not even acknowledging my resistance, forcing me to swallow more.

And Emily looked up.

"That's... Ms... Dicky... isn't it... she's... watching... oooohhh... Ahhh... ooohhhhhh..." Emily's breathing came in long, ragged breaths. Her cum splashed against me, harder and harder, and her hand released its grip as the building caved in behind her, Emily leading back into the bar as she cried in pleasure.

And Emily came, with the whole world watching her. I spewed back, slick in a stream of her cum. And with the successive waves of her orgasm, more spilled over me. Coating me.

I was left limp in her release.

“You didn’t come Dicky? You shy? In front of your mommy? Poop.” I didn’t say anything. I covered my eyes, ashamed.

“LOOK AT ME NOW, OR I WILL SQUASH YOU DICKY.” Emily commanded. I looked up, beyond the curvature of her skinny stomach, the landscape of Emily’s flesh rising before me. To her small breasts. And way, way up, her round face peered down at me, the size of a billboard, a frowning face on her.

“You already gave up your family for me. Our family. You haven’t talked to anyone in weeks. Because you’re mine. My toy. Nothing else, stupid.” Her hand picked me up, still examining me with a bit of petulant disappointment. “I am gonna make everything my toys. So I can’t spend all my time on you. But I’ll keep you... around. On me. And, it would be really... really funny... you... you’re far too perverted. Into me.” Every word uttered by Emily was heard by the entire world. My sense of shame and humiliation had crested to a maximum. Emily pulled me off of her clit, rolling me onto her stomach.

“You’re an example Dicky. An example that people need to do every... little... teensy-weeny thing I want. And I’ll reward them.” Emily hefted me up, off of her stomach, rolling me a bit with her fingers.

“Emily, what are you gonna do? I mean, everyone’s watching me...” I croaked. But she looked down at me judgmentally.

“You stared at me ALL the time. Even when I was tiny. Cum.” Emily commanded, her arm pressing me into her stomach. She didn’t do anything else. But Emily’s voice grew muffled as I sunk into her stomach. Her skin was nearly unbearably smooth, soft, delicate, even at her expanded size. The outside world faded away, surrounded in a sea of Emily. The girl I picked up and swung around now played with me, aimlessly, like a bug. My head found it’s way to her belly button, even as my feet struggled to find purchase against her throbbing clit. The small gap of her belly button gave me room to breathe. Otherwise my body was caked against her flesh, flowing, filling in the gaps around me. Her skin had a soft, heavy, natural scent, laden with pheromones. I licked at the salt of her sweat. And I was still caked with her release, an intoxicating, almost unbearably laden with her pheromones. Even her natural scent was heightened,

Groan. Rumble. Groan. Her hunger eternal, unfilled. Mere inches away from me, Emily’s enhanced stomach digested enough food for thousands of people. She could eat me. She could EAT me. But, right now, her stomach rumbled, massaging my entire body. Massaging my dick. Pleasure bubbled up within me.

I pressed against her soft tummy, but it wasn’t exactly moving against me. Emily’s massive hand, pressing into my back, sunk me deep, a coupe of feet, into Emily. I couldn’t budge an inch deeper. And I was left like this, sinking away into Emily.

“Cum. Dicky. NOW.” Emily commanded again.

And I came explosively, my penis seemingly pulsing as spurt after spurt of cum splashed against Emily's tummy. My whole body was racked with pleasure, but I was still frozen, practically inside Emily. Minute after minute, it felt like I went on forever.

"Dicky... c'mon... you were so big... your dick so big... it stuck out SOOOOO much when you stared at me. When I was tiny. But now? So tiny." Emily mocked me, in front of the world, as I rocked out my orgasm. Until her finger flicked against me, the force of a hurricane knocking me down, back into her puddle of cum, with a plop.

"I didn't really even try there, Dicky. You may have other friends, but I'm your world. Your old family probably hates you. Including your reporter friend up there. Talking about me... acting like she doesn't even know ya!" Emily burped again, her thin, narrow shoulders caving in the barn even more as she leaned against it.

"Someday you'll be able to drown in that. My cum that is." Emily belched, as earsplitting as before. Her words were a little slurred, Emily blushing as the young girl became increasingly drunk. She was now drinking solid whiskey, brownish liquid spilling down. "So say it. You're MINE Dicky."

"I'm yours."

"Yours to suck." Emily pouted, licking her lips.

"I'm yours to suck."

"So formal, dummy... you're mine to feed me. To cuddle with me. To love me."

"To feed you, to cuddle with you, to love you Emily."

"You're mine to stick up my butt. To drop in my pee. To squish you under my feet. To degrade. To humiliate."

"Everything Emily." She sniffed at my generic answer, but it must have been enough, because she continued.

"You're mine to fuck. To have SEX with." Emily peered down at me, smiling with teeth that could cut me in half.

The eyes of the people around me gazed upon me. Some were fearful. Others were jealous. And others judged. Hundreds of people focused on me, just wondering what I HAD DONE with this girl. But I had to answer Emily's question. Because I belonged to her. Even my mind belonged to her.

"Yours to fuck, Emily." I was already hard again, lying in Emily's cum. There was no fight left in me. I don't know why I even pretended it existed today, after this long.

"I like getting drunk. I'm gonna do it again..." she giggled, looking down at everyone. Finally, her stomach rumbled loud, louder than a siren, a slow, ominous growl, building to a crescendo that seemed to rumble the buildings around her.

“I’m hungry!!!” Emily whined. “And I’m not going back to that stupid hangar!!! Get me some food, everybody, NOW!” People around her, hundreds upon hundreds, scrambled, practically crawling on each other, pulling food from restaurants and groceries.

Because now, Emily was truly at large.

Chapter End Notes

Again, feel free to leave any feedback, suggestions, comments, and ESPECIALLY things you want to see from Emily!

Worth More

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Emily's Height – 45'0 – 58'8

Emily's Weight – 108,200 pounds - 200,800 pounds

And now, practically overnight, the center of town had become the center of the world.

Emily's head shown in the sunlight, resting against the back of a skyscraper. She refused to lift one finger by herself, but thousands of her adoring fans had cleared out building after building, tree after tree, leaving a large, open area functioning as a sort of room for the adoring masses. And she took every advantage of it, her legs spreading in and out, the girl behaving restlessly as a group of strange men gathered to her right.

I rested on her lower stomach, practically sinking into a sea of pudgy flesh. Emily hadn't acknowledged my presence much today, but she had insisted with her prying fingers, each wider than my head, of staying exactly where I was. Emily's blonde hair spilled down nearly to her butt now, having grown long, flowing down the building she was leaning against in a great blonde river. Her hair shone in the sunlight. Emily shifted every so often against the building, causing bits of concrete and rubble to fall to the ground below from her grinding.

"Dicky." Emily commanded, finally looking down at me. "You know when I first started growing up a little, that things would be so, so much different. For everyone. It's all gonna be about me now. I like looking at you, laying there like a little pet. It's where you belong. I never liked you being bigger than me. But just watch..." she was whispering quietly, but her eyes turned up, scanning a small group of people, hemmed together in a group.

"I will soon be allowing mankind to live on me. On my stomach, my butt, my thighs, surrounded by me. All about ME. I will be the new idol, replacing this artificial intelligence that people are beginning to worship." Emily peered around the crowd. Cracks spread in the blacktop, deep and jagged. It couldn't handle Emily's sheer weight, and the ground groaned as she moved, shifting her ass slightly. Her flesh jiggled as she moved, and I stared at her thigh, taller than I was, with unbridled lust.

Rebecca had crawled between Emily's legs almost like a doll, slavishly licking and sucking and writhing against Emily's body, which grew larger day after day after day. She would spend several hours at a time, drench in her cum, pleasing her with every inch of her capabilities. With the massive gap between their sizes, the doll sized girl could only occasionally extract the smallest of orgasms from the spoiled girl. Even so, Emily kept Rebecca there, forcing her to please her day after day. And Rebecca, fully broken, had stars in her eyes, slavishly pleasing Emily with fervor.

But I didn't know why Emily wanted me on her leg so badly. She was squirming, the leg shifting under me. She radiated hyperactive energy, the same as when she was barely four

and a half feet tall, slamming into me when I opened the door.

“Watch, Dickey. Look at what I am.” She sighed and giggled. “Look at what you created.” Her hand hovered over the dozens of people in the street. Men watched her expectantly, fervently. Several had tents in their pants, just as I was, unabashedly staring at Emily in all her bulk. A pair of teenage girls, standing between their legs, stared at her great, sopping pussy fervently. They were both blonde, somewhat scantily clad – skinny, but with large breasts, full lips – they could have had their pick of any boy. But that wasn’t enough for them. They sank to their knees, kneeling before Emily. And more than that – their faces were wet. With great awe and fervor, they licked at her cum, drinking it like sacred water.

“Hmm... girls. Don’t get too eager...” Emily cooed. Her soft, plump thighs jiggled ever so slightly as she shifted and moved on the concrete.

“Besides,” Emily shrugged. “I’m bored. And I want to watch Dicky here watch me do something. Something cool.” She slapped her belly, the sound of her baby fat echoing throughout the air like a cannon. There wasn’t even that much there; overall Emily was a relatively skinny girl. But at her sheer scale, the wobbling and trembling of her fat was terrifying to watch. The gurgling of her stomach was even more terrifying. “I’m big, I guess. But I’m not big enough yet. I’m REAL sensitive, so I think I’ll be able to feel ya no matter how big I get. I’ll make sure of it.”

“How many times are you gonna say you’re not big enough!?” I yelled up at Emily. Maybe it was the heat of her sweat. Or the flippancy with which she dominated the global media circuit. Or the way I existed as a microbe on her leg.

“I’ll stop saying I’m not big enough when I’m big enough, DICKY.” Emily looked down at me, speaking sternly. “My body is your single greatest fantasy. You spurt on me several times a day. You supported me while I grew inside my parent’s place. And you helped chase them off. Mommy’s writing people SO many times every week, saying that I just need to be dealt with by a firm hand. That I’m a big brat.”

A dark-haired girl clambered onto Emily’s other thigh. Even though we were both insignificant in the scheme of things, Sara looked queenly, regal, unashamed in her nakedness. And her body was naked, dripping with sweat and Emily’s juices, her breasts firmly erect, a blush covering Sara’s body. And Emily’s former bully loved every moment of it.

But I guess I was naked too. Showing off my constant erection to the world at large.

“You would actually talk back to her? Big enough is PLANET sized. Bigger than you can even comprehend.”

“And then you’re not gonna be able to have Emily sit on you anymore.” I remarked. “She’d just crush you instantly. Emily wouldn’t be able to see you.” Emily gazed between the two of us, looking irritated. I didn’t even know why I’d speak back to Emily.

“You’re irritated because your family thinks you’re GROSS. DISGUSTING.” Emily interrupted, looking down at me disapprovingly. “I get it. And your boss fired and disowned

you. Your girlfriend only fucks me now. I'm all you have." Emily's hand petted me with a single finger, more powerful than my entire body, and half as wide as my back, making its way back and forth, and making little massages, circling motions working into my muscles. "And I'm a lot. So why won't you accept it, Dicky? You spurt on me all the time anyway. And I WUV you very much..." Emily giggled, shifting a little, cooing and moaning, the result of Rebecca having crawled under the youngster's gigantic butt. Developed for Emily's age, her butt looked like it could crush a mountain. Like it was a mountain. Standing up now, Emily's ass alone was taller than me.

"You tell em', Emily!" Sara shouted sycophantically.

Rebecca remained silent, fixated on Emily's pussy. Looking down at Rebecca, she was fully devoted to her goddess, hair plastered against her body. Rebecca looked like she had been diving; and in a sense she was diving into Emily's wetness. Her body was half submerged into Emily, even sliding in and out a little, accommodating her like a dildo.

"You won't be able to do that when you're bigger. No matter how SENSITIVE you say you are. You won't be able to experience something like that. Or when we were in the house together!"

"You think you can reason with me, Dicky. Don't you? Reminiscing on when we FUCKED. Because everyone on Earth by now knows that I got this big because you wanted to fuck me so, so badly..." her leg muscles flexed. Her pudginess rippled beneath me. At her scale, the formerly weak legs betrayed raw power.

"That's right. If you thrust against my ass now. It wouldn't even move an INCH Dicky. Why don't you try? I'll be on top." With a little roll of her leg, I fell off and to her side. Emily manipulated Rebecca like a dildo, adjusting her, as she leaned up for a moment, giving me a brief view of her ass.

"Emily..." I gasped. I looked up, in that moment scared. Emily wouldn't hurt me. Would she? But in that moment, I couldn't help but fixate on her multi-ton butt. All Emily's time was spent outside, making the city square her bedroom, her dining room, her fuckroom. By now, her butt was stained with gravel, dirt, copious amounts of her sweat. But Emily's intoxicating scent wafted off of it. And I remained fixated on it. Fixated on her.

But Emily's ass slammed down on me. And everything grew dark. I was nothing more than a little cylinder, maybe an inch across, compressed in the formerly little girl's flesh. Instantly I was smothered. I found it desperately hard to breathe – anything I had was filtered through her.

"I love you Dicky..." her voice rang around me. "But you've made me a LITTLE bigger than you. So it's not like you can have my undivided attention." Emily sneered. "You want to have sex with me? How 'bout ya stick your dick in me."

I was trapped in sweaty, humid darkness. But Emily had adjusted herself properly. Her asshole was perfectly positioned right in front of my dick. It might have been little less than half a centimeter when she had just begun growing; but now it was several inches across. Emily flexed her ass muscles, and I felt even more constricted – like my bones would pop.

But I remained intact. I tried to thrust myself forward. But I couldn't even move a single inch. Not one. But I was harder than I had ever been, my dick straining for the slightest bit of stimulation. Emily's raw power had captivated me as it first did. The bigger this girl got – the more demanding she got, the more I fell under Emily's spell.

"I could eat you, Dicky. It feels like my cute little butt's eating you right now." A burst of air flowed around my entire body, as Emily farted. I gagged instantly, not even from the smell, but from the sheer force of the wind around me.

"C'mon Dicky. Fuck me." Emily taunted me again, and farted again. The sound boomed in my ears. I strained and strained, but wedged between her ass, I couldn't even budge." And then she farted, a third time. A fourth. A fifth. I was immersed entirely in her smell – raw, overpowering. But, finally, the sensation of Emily overwhelmed me. Trapped in the humid darkness, squeezed in her cheeks, I came against Emily, still not budging her at all.

And, with a huff, Emily pulled me out of her. With sudden whiplash I flew through the air, faster than I have ever moved in my life. And I was dozens of feet above the ground, being held by Emily like a bug. I could see tents laid out around me, throngs of people swarming around Emily. For a moment Emily held me, delicate fingers rolling around me, manipulating me, until I was right in front of her nose. She sniffed me, taking in her own scent.

"You smell like me. You couldn't move at all between my butt, you little, stupid Dicky. So pathetic. So cute!" Emily giggled, laughing at my predicament. "Millions of men just like you are gonna go completely unnoticed by me. If they're lucky, they get to live on me. You don't even count your good fortunes. You just REFUSE to be trained. But it was painful there. Wasn't it?"

I nodded my head yes, which just caused Emily to laugh some more. Her face loomed like a billboard around me. I felt shame dripping from me along with Emily's sweat. This was utterly ridiculous. By resisting against her I was playing a game.

I had to accept the consequences of my actions.

"How about this. Ehehe. I PROMISE you'll be able to fuck me Dicky. And that goes for everyone. At least. If I want to fuck you anyway. I know a way that you can pound my asshole for real. Not be bullied like that. Of course... I'll still be bigger. Than you anyway. So I'm gonna bully you some. But I'm not gonna spoil the surprise~"

Emily's smallest remarks were directed not towards Sara, but towards everyone. She had turned from merely a center of attention to a worldwide sensation overnight. Makeshift tents and housing flowed out from the city, which became crowded even as many of the original inhabitants fled. They stretched well outside the city limits. To some extent it was a function of practicality, supporting Emily. Much of this apparatus was spread out before me. People sunk into her flesh, sinking into her butt, into her thighs. For a girl to whom I was no lighter than a grain of rice, the smell of her fart wasn't particularly strong. I clambered up her fingers a little, navigating it like a jungle gym, taking in the view around me.

"I could eat you." Emily reminded me again. She opened her mouth wide. "It's only cause you're my favorite toy that I don't. Keep that in mind."

I didn't even say anything. I just nodded. Weakly, I smiled. And I attempted to hug the billboard sized lips in front of me.

"You tell him, Emily! Show him who's boss!!!" Sara cried, looking over at Emily. Emily stared at Sara with a bored, monotone expression, forgetting that she had even left the girl on her leg. Emily stuck her tongue in her cheek, looking half bored at Sara.

"I could eat you too." Emily remarked flippantly, looking down at Sara. "And maybe I will. I always liked Dicky. And there's some other PALS I'll wrest away from my parents when I'm big enough. But I remember you dunking my head in the toilet. Making you sniff my underwear, lick your armpit. Heh. Look how pathetic you are now." Emily's voice was quiet, almost trembling. But she licked her lips, breathe washing over me. And she picked up Sara, holding the young girl's body next to mine.

Sara, blushing, continued to play along with Emily.

"I really do look pathetic from up here. When I heard how big you were, I knew I had to come up here! You're so incredibly beautiful now. A goddess! Everyone has to listen to you."

But Emily licked her lips again.

"I'm not a goddess. People on the news don't know what to do with me. They just call me an overgrown brat. That's really all I am. You always called me a brat. Because I was so short. You made fun of me. Humiliated me. You did it ALL THE TIME. All sorts of people at school did it. It's why... I was so... so happy, when I could be made big. When I could get on top! And now look at you." Her fingers slid back and forth along the slick, dripping body of her former rival.

"I think I prefer Dicky's girlfriend as a trophy. She really hasn't aged yet. You just annoy me. Looking at you even annoys me. Why did I keep you around again..?" Emily asked innocently, softly. But Sara's smile disappeared. I looked at Emily, eyes pleading with her.

Cameras pointed at Emily, reporters and fans alike fixated on the scene. She opened her mouth open. Emily didn't say a single thing. I watched as the blonde brat drew Sara closer and closer to her. Emily opened her mouth wide. Her saliva begun to coat Sara, who was increasingly frozen in place. Her tongue slithered around her body, playing with Sara's overdeveloped breasts. Suspended in midair by Emily's right hand, I watched the left hold her former rival right above her mouth. But soon Sara's head slipped inside, followed by her shoulders.

"You're sho cute..." Emily remarked. "Just such a soft, springy body. I love it. I love teasing your boobies." She continued to giggle, Emily's giggling echoing for miles around. On computer screens, cell-phone cameras, and televisions around the world, Emily's tongue shone through. This civilization recorded the girl who threatened to end it.

But slowly, painfully I watched, as Sara's body begun to slip inside Emily entirely. Blonde strands of hair fell across her face, thin blonde ropes framing the view I had of Emily's maw. Rivulets and pools of saliva ran across Sara. And the vision of the girl grew darker and darker, until I saw one last glimpse of her face.

"Please, Emily... it was a joke... all a joke..." Sara cried, one last time.

And, in a rush of saliva, Sara was spat out, laying in Emily's hand.

"That was a joke too!" Emily smirked, laughing. Weakly, Sara laughed as well, hugging herself against Emily's middle finger weakly. But Emily's stomach rumbled, interrupting Sara's weak cries of gratitude with a low, piercing growl, overwhelming every other sound.

"Crawl all the way up into me. If you hit the womb, you're probably still not far enough. Your my sex toy. That's all." Emily commanded Sara, setting her back down on the ground. And she turned to me, sneering.

"I'm gonna hurt people. Get OVER it Dicky. I'm done dealing with the same crack from you. I'm not gonna EAT ya, but if I have to stick you up my slit, surrounded by only my pheromones, alone, for a fucking MONTH, just to make you overwhelmed by my pheromones, break your mind. Don't think I will."

"You think that's a threat..." I retorted weakly. "You keep telling me I'm a pervert. Look what I did. How I made you grow. I obviously am..." I shrugged.

But Emily looked down on me.

"I'll rebuild you. You're my favorite babysitter. A good friend. A nice toy. But Dicky... doing that to you... will break your mind in half. You shuddered under my ass, helplessly. You were so red, so flushed, from three minutes under my butt. From me farting on you. That much experience directly with my pheromones? I mean, laying on my leg, you're half there already. I'd make you unable to even speak. You won't remember how."

The blood ran from my face. Emily was dead serious.

"And that's cause I LIKE you. The only reason I haven't disposed of Sara yet is cause she feels... go... good squirming inside me right now." Emily whined. I nodded obeying her simple command. But Emily still pouted, reaching over towards a monumental pile of food her adoring fans had provided her, eating all that she could find. In the rush to grab at the fruit, a man adding to Emily's pile was knocked over. He was clutching his arm, crying out. Clearly Emily's jabbing finger had poked it. The arm was sideways, broken But Emily only looked at the man for a moment, before speaking to the crowd.

"You see, people. Follow this big brat here, and you'll MAYBE be safe. I'll try to eat people who DON'T do everything I say." Emily commanded everyone, and no one in particular, as she leaned back against her building, arching herself a little, squirming at the feeling of Rebecca and Sara slipping inside her.

I was still hard, still pathetic. My family hadn't talked to me in weeks. I had to know who I was.

"Could I watch you eat her... for real?" My hands opened and closed, trembling, as I asked Emily this single question.

"I'll make all your depraved fantasies come true, DICK-EY." Emily spoke loud enough, her voice booming for all to hear. My girlfriend belonged to Emily... maybe I could share her a little. My family hated me. My job was gone. My dignity buried. But I hugged Emily's cheek, and kissed her cheek at the same time, sinking into the head of the girl who could swallow me in a moment. Emily was worth more than all of it.

Chapter End Notes

I have had severe writer's block for a while. As always, suggestions are welcome.

Emily's Whims

Emily's Height – 5'8 – 7'4

Emily's Weight – 208,000 pounds - 387,000 pounds

Today Emily was lounging at the lake. Cameras were filming her, a throng of worshippers constantly focused on her. People crowded from all over the world, mouths agape, staring at the pre-teen girl.

“You can take your clothes off...” Emily said, to nobody in particular. “I don't even care if you look gross. Really. Just jack off to me if you need to. I know you can't hold it in. Hmm...” her finger, as wide as my head, poked and prodded my body, taking it in.

“You know you're cute Dickey. Like, actually cute.” Her finger was joined by another, enveloping my body inside her hand. In the hot summer sun, it was actually slightly sweaty. She seemed somewhat content at the moment, surveying her throng of followers with a sense of satisfaction. “I'll take GOOD care of you. Like I said, I have ways... ways to interact with you little insects. No matter how big I get.”

I was satisfied, basking in the sun, sinking into her stomach. The flesh didn't give away much, but there was just enough springiness in her soft stomach that it felt like I was sinking into Emily. I was half asleep, rolling onto my stomach so that my face would become submerged into her sweaty skin.

Emily's body was half submerged in her lake, most of her legs completely below the surface. Her head rested on the sandy shore. The water was only a few feet deep at the area of her stomach, causing her soft belly to rest above the water's surface.

Sara was being mercilessly bullied by Emily. Emily rarely allowed her former tormentor, rival, bully, regardless of the term, to speak. But Sara was always allowed her fill of Emily. No. Sara was practically raped by Emily, the girl being forced inside, rubbed against, and abused to within an inch of her life. Even now, the toying with Sara involved Emily's clit, which rested just above the water. Sara's body was being moved, like a simple dildo, in and out of her vast pussy, Sara was covered in Emily's juices, but, occasionally, as a lark, Emily would push her into the water.

10... 20... 30... 40... seconds.

And then back up, Sara would emerge, sputtering and gasping, for mere seconds, before Emily pushed her head into her clit, looking for every inch of satisfaction. Emily squeezed Sara's butt as hard as she could any time she slacked off, and Sara's body was red and bruised, reflecting its torment. But Sara continued to please Emily with everything she had, desperately aiding with her mistress.

And Sara was not the only one devoted to pleasing Emily.

Behind me, I could turn my head, looking around Emily's armpit to see followers playing with her hair, each strand now nearly the thickness of a rope. Girls her own age were falling amongst Emily's hair, becoming tangled like in a playground, laughing. Some men, standing around, had completely lost their shame – just like me, masturbating to the titanic girl, some even pressing themselves slightly, hesitantly, against the skin of the girl who could crush them with no effort at all. Emily paid no attention at all – just looking over the crowd in a bored fashion. Her slight features were slightly flushed, but all of the small bodies surrounding her were just that... small. And it was difficult for such small peons to please her, to draw Emily to orgasm. Even as people rubbed against her, the bored girl hardly felt it. Even if Emily was content.

But that moment was soon shattered as a loud rumble begun to sound in the nearby forest. Emily had brought an entire sycophantic crowd with her – all towards this peaceful lake at the edge of town. The rest of the city was merely an apparatus to serve the rapidly growing Emily – at this point there was no longer any other purpose to even being here. It was highly unusual for vehicles she didn't know about to head towards her at all. But the rumble grew even louder. And Emily sneered.

I felt a warmth envelop my body as her soft fingers wrapped around me. Gently, slightly, I felt my body rock as she placed me on the ground. Metallic tanks approached. Square – mechanical -they were equipped with electrical apparatus – sparks flew from the device. Metallic clamps were on the end of it. Each tank had to be over ten feet tall, and they looked like they weighed several tons. Together, they were not as wide as Emily's butt. And she had a curious expression when looking down at them. Her face immediately flushed, a sense of wonder creeping into her.

To Emily, these metallic leviathans, scorching marks in the mud, were no more than toys.

“Walk back, ok? Just stay a little ways from me.” Emily looked straight down at me – primarily concerned with me. Her eyes darted towards Rebecca – towards Sara, but they were primarily focused right on me. I wasn't exactly sure what I did to deserve this – but I felt like Emily would protect me.

I could hear the giant girl's breath pick up steam, like a great furnace, as her naked, young body hunched over.

“Are you SCARED of me?” She mocked, looking over at the sparks. “That looks like a stun thing. It's not even designed to kill. Clearly you aren't taking me seriously enough. Are you concerned about looking bad. Cause you killed a LITTLE girl. Stupid. Stupid, stupid idiots.” Emily sneered. Her butt and thighs loomed above me like a colossus. But I moved back, obeying Emily's concern for my safety. Back, and back, and back, until, finally, I was behind Emily's feet.

But that wasn't far enough.

Sparks shined, my hair standing on end in an instant, as clamps shot out from the tanks, a great metallic whir echoing through the air. Hard and clanging, they clamped down onto Emily's skin. At the point of contact, a bright light shone through the air, electricity so

powerful that I couldn't even look straight at it. But the pulse kept going, and the ground rumbled as Emily sunk to the ground in a single instant.

“OOOOHHHHHH!!!!!!” Emily screamed, her voice turned up to a shrill loudness, pain echoing through it. I nearly got destroyed, her childish foot swinging right past me, kicking in a frenzy.

Panicked I ran back, not even looking, finally realizing the enormity of the danger I was in.

Others weren't so lucky.

A body flew limply in the air, as the numerous tons of Emily made itself known. People in her path simply got obliterated. Her whole body convulsed in the electric storm, turning over and over, making a great gash in the dirt, now pounded into a muddy oblivion under Emily. Her body shone, even while covered in mud, water and dirt.

“OOOHHHHH.... AAAAHHHHHH... HAHHHHH...” Emily kept crying out in pain, and something else, as she writhed in the dirt. I felt concern in me, the smell of burned flesh ringing in the air. But another smell rose above it, overwhelmed it. Emily's arousal. As she writhed in pain, her body writhed in pleasure, covered in mud and grass, pounding the Earth in front of me. If the intention was to stun Emily – well – this obviously was simply not working. Her body continued to writhe, and begun to convulse, at faster and faster speeds.

By now, everyone with a lick of sense had gotten away, having ran for the hills. But Emily's admirers, worshippers, toys, continued to stare at her, me included.

The sparks continued, but Emily reared her great body up, now slick, covered in mud, for a moment, crawling unsteadily on her knees. I could only see the back of her head, her butt looming over me. But Emily's posture was defiant.

“She's not fucking being brought down. This is only turning her on.” Sara was sitting next to me. Emily's toy was masturbating. Sara had not had enough, having been bullied by Emily for the entire day.

“Emily. Emily. Emily.” Sara continued to whisper, masturbating to her giant bully, writhing in front of her.

But Emily was lost in her own world. She couldn't hear any of her insignificant followers underneath her. Emily's body shook, trembling frantically. Her entire body was flushed. The sound of her breathing picked up, like a great furnace. I could hear her breathing, high-pitched, shallow, rapid – even from dozens of feet behind her.

“AAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Emily's body shook one more time.

Several metal tanks prodded Emily, sparks shining, thousands of volts coursing into her bulk. But her lithe – ridiculously magnified body shook in orgasmic bliss as she collapsed back to

the ground, before arching her butt straight up into the air, even as she ground her chest into the mud.

Emily's toes curled, leading me to look at her feet. Her right sole was nearly caked in red, having kicked some poor, unfortunate follower. I marveled at the contrast between the form of the underage blonde brat, and the marvel that she had just kicked someone to death. I didn't even know who it was – but several bodies lay around the orgasming titan.

“AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!” Uselessly, the sparks continued to fly. I had gripped my own dick – yet again overcome by the sheer bulk. Bulk. Bulk. Bulk.

Bulk is such a weird word for Emily. Bulky. But it somehow fit her. More than any other. Despite her delicate build, her soft features, my existence had been one surrounded by her body. By her thighs, her butt, her stomach, her sweat, her cum, her saliva. Every day, it felt like she was smothering me. This young, unashamed girl - she loved to throw her delicate bulk around, let everyone know with every moment just how big she was.

A thick glob of clear liquid poured from her pussy, secreted to splash into the mud below. Followed by another, and another. Soon the ground was as slick from Emily's juices as it was from the lake water.

She clambered onto her haunches, shaking, dripping, trembling, and a delicate arm moved up, with a slight slowness, high up into the air. And in a single motion she swung, with every bit of force the young titaness could muster.

CLANG.

The tanks all flew into the air, even if just for a few feet, landing on their sides with a great, metallic crash. In one single motion, Emily had disposed of all of them.

"Hahahha. Oh... this is so pathetic... SO FUNNY." Emily giggled, loudly, maniacally.

And Emily's arm moved in. I couldn't exactly see what was going on, but I could hear the sound of a heavy clamp being removed. Followed by another. And another. Snap. Snap. Snap.

And soon the cables lay on the ground, still emitting electricity, but no longer shocking Emily.

Turning around, her eyes ended up gazing at me, naughtily smiling. Dozens of feet above me, her hair and cheeks caked in sweat and mud, Emily's blue eyes gazed at me, framed by blonde hair.

“Did you like the show, Dicky? It's only possible because of you. It turns you on so much. I want you to continue to watch me. To be OBSESSED with me. I'll make you lose your mind, and then give it back to ya... so you can lose it again.” Five tanks groaned as they moved through the mud, pulled by their cables. Emily had them all wrapped up in her two hands, and used them to pull them at will.

“These weren’t meant to stun me, were they? You turned up the voltage. They were meant to KILL me. But I’m a bigger, tougher girl than you think.” Emily giggled uproariously. “You think it’s that simple? No. I’m just gonna keep getting bigger. That’s all.” Emily stared down at the tanks, like they were people. Trying to take in the strange scene, I walked around to Emily’s side. Nearly her entire body was caked in mud, covered from head to toe. And she giggled, just like a kid playing in the mud.

And Emily’s free hand reached down, and squeezed against the top of one of the tanks, the metal groaning so loudly it rung in my ears. For seconds this continued, until, with a metallic crash, it caved in. And Emily removed it.

“You trusted in technology. Until people looked only at screens. My own parents always seemed sad. Sad. Everyone sad. But in admiring this cute girl, everybody’s gonna be happy... everyone who lives.” Emily giggled again, as her fingers pried a man out of the machine. He was hardly even taller than Emily’s fingers, not as tall as her pudgy palm. And Emily held him up, her stomach rumbling. I had hardly noticed – but she seemed taller, bigger just from the short moment of overstimulation. She just kept growing. Selfishly, she eyed the man like a piece of candy, licking her lips, a red tongue slithering out.

“PLEASE!!!” A man screamed. But he had tried to kill Emily. I couldn’t help but hate him. Emily was my everything. Who cared if she grew. More. And More. And more.

Emily licked her lips again, and I watched with bated breathe as she tilted her head back, hanging him above her mouth. She slowly, teasingly lowered him, and, for a moment, I saw the man’s legs kicking against her tongue.

And then, like a piece of candy, she dropped the man in her mouth. With a loud, slick sound, she gulped his body whole, feeling him slide down her gullet.

Her stomach moaned, gurgled, sloshed, greedily beginning the work of digesting the man – the human being – clothes and all, it was going to be absorbed, turned into more of Emily.

“Ehehe... I didn’t realize there were such good treats in these tanks.” Emily looked around for a moment, having swallowed the man. I saw a bored girl, alone, covered in mud, looking at all her toys. With a spoiled, bored look, she seemed to realize; the tanks had no resistance to give at all.

“That was electric, wasn’t it?” Emily commented to nobody in particular. Sara lay in a head next to me, having collapsed in exhaustion after her masturbation session, having been forced to service Emily at full pace for over eight hours.

But I suppose I was the same. I didn’t even pay a bit of sense to Rebecca. My attention was solely focused on Emily.

Slowly – methodically, Emily attacked the other tank like an aluminum can, metal groaning and breaking underneath her pudgy fingers. With a thunderous sound, it popped open. Again, a man screamed, and again, she dangled him over her mouth.

“Dicky, you want me to eat him, don’t you..?” Emily asked, her eyes focused solely on me. “You’re devoted to me. Just like the rest of them. I can see your little Dicky after all. Stroking it. You WANT me to eat him.” Emily repeated this, as if her insistence made it all the more true. Emily continued to huff and pout, as I didn’t say a single thing. She waited on me. Waited for my insistence.

And it did. I continued to stroke my cock, precum leaking.

“I want you to eat him Emily.” My voice trembled, surrounded by Emily’s bulk.

“Hehe.” Emily laughed, as she complied with my request. My little Emily swallowed the second guy, making exaggerated moans of pleasure as he joined his companion down his throat. As the groan of metal again echoed throughout the air, I felt myself cum, spraying my seed uselessly on the ground, in simple anticipation that Emily would consume another man.

“Tasty...” Emily licked her lips, even though she swallowed the man whole. She wouldn’t have tasted him at all, swallowing all of him at once. “But... that’s all of them... isn’t it...” Emily remarked, looking at the three tanks, holes sticking out of them. “My body’s changed. I don’t know if they meant to stun me, kill me, tickle me... but there’s been nothing that turned me on like this. Don’t you agree Dicky. My smell fills the air. My cum.” A large, pudgy thigh swung above me, and, suddenly, I was staring straight at Emily’s glistening pussy. “Once upon a time I sat this on your face. And made you lick it. But now you’re just like an... insect...” A heavy finger reached down, covering my stomach, my crotch, my dick. Over half my body. But it poked into me, proving her point as the wind was knocked out of me, instantly.

“Nothing.” Emily repeated again. “You’re worthless without me. And yet, you wanted it to be that way. You made me grow, knowing it would upend your entire life.” She clasped her hands together in a gesture of cutesy gratefulness, even as she pulled her legs together, casting me in the shadow of her thighs. “God I love you...” She repeated again. “The perfect loser pedophile. The one to make me a god...” Her stomach rumbled, and, even as she licked her lips, a thick, heavy stream of saliva slid down, dribbling down her chin, before landing on me.

“Emily... are you?” I questioned. And I stepped back. A heavy glob of saliva fell on my head. Emily’s stomach rumbled again.

“No. But I’m gonna eat someone. When I get horny. I get hungry.” I felt frustrated. Her pudgy hands played with me, stroking over my dick.

“But you can eat ANYTHING. I’ve seen you eat wood. You... don’t need...” but I lost steam quickly. Every time Emily pushed the boundaries further, it was always the same.

Her hand had already grasped two random girls from the crowd. They were screaming. I heard other screaming as well. But new, fresh arousal had built within her, the insatiable pussy in front of me emitting more of her thick cum. Curiously, I stumbled forward between Emily’s thighs, and begun to lick at her discharge, favoring the pheromone laden liquid. I refused to look up. But the screaming above me continued, followed by the sound of licking,

cooing, laughing. The idea that Emily's desires had any sort of upper bound. And sort of limit. Were all ridiculous. When Emily ate ants... she told me.

"I always thought the ants were people..." Emily spoke softly. At her size, her voice was still louder than the screaming women. "I wanted to think the ants were people." Above me, I heard her swallow. Her stomach still rumbled. Easily churning through the handful of people. At this point, her thighs had pressed into me fully, caking me in mud, sweat, and her release. Saliva dribbled down, the result of her continuing to grab people, for the sole purpose of swallowing more and more. Wet, sticky sounds echoed around me, from her saliva swirling around victims. And a stronger, slicking sound came from right in front of me, as Emily played with herself. Surrounded by Emily, the sun beginning to set, I could hardly see the furnace of the bald pussy in front of me.

By the end of her feast, Emily's stomach lay slightly large, a bit more budge than usual. The result of her having swallowed several dozen people. Many of her followers had run off, confused, perturbed, afraid. But Emily had sat me right back on her leg, staring at the lake, the sun setting, with another, bored expression. I could hardly hear other people. They had run off – that was the only thing I could think, lying between Emily's thighs.

"I got a little carried away. Rebecca and Sara are still fine. I think that was just a dozen or so. It doesn't even fill me up. Not in the least. I could have just eaten the mud. It would have helped me grow just as much anyways..." This flat statement was all Emily made about her human feast. Her hands were now as bloody as her feet, the result of having squeezed several people, but she continued to pet my body, leaving traces of sticky red blood on me. Her whole finger felt sticky.

"Someone should get those tanks repaired. I'd like to feel good again." Emily said softly, quietly, in a high-pitched voice. Hidden enthusiasm filled it. "If I can't feel that good again soon, I might eat a few more people." Emily snorted, like she was laughing at her own joke. I didn't find it funny, but my body's own war with itself had reached a fever pitch. I was still hard, seeing the monstrous little girl who had eaten dozens of people. Being quite literally surrounded by her.

"You wanted me to eat people, right Dickey. Right?" Emily whispered quietly, as she gently pushed me against herself, drawing her thighs inward to the point where they surrounded me. "Every fantasy of yours has to come true. Every fantasy of mine HAS to come true. Luckily, we have the SAME dreams, you know."

The same dreams.

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